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THE COTTON METROPOLIS.

THE writer of the following pages was, in the winter of 1849-50, deputed by the proprietors of the Morning Chronicle to proceed to Manchester, with the view of personally studying the social and industrial condition of the working population of the metropolis of cotton manufacture. The result was an extended series of long and elaborate letters, going into the very minutiae of the subject, and presenting what the writer is not afraid to characterize as one of the most minute and faithful pictures ever painted of the working and the home-life of the "hands" of the Manchester cotton-mills; for it was all, so to speak, drawn from nature and on the spot. Upon matters of fact, the writer never spoke from hearsay. He was put into communication with gentlemen of official and of mercantile standing in Manchester, who procured for him every facility for the prosecution of his inquiry. Thus he was enabled to see every phase of the life of the people—to converse with them by the "drawing-frames" and the "roving-frames;" to visit them at their homes; to meet them in their public places of resort; and to ascertain, by personal converse, the manner of the life of the manufacturing operative, and the social and industrial influences which form and direct it. These letters, however, are of anything but easy or convenient access, and, furthermore, they necessarily contain, along with the matter essentially and permanently true, much information respecting the cotton manufacture which was only temporarily correct. It has been thought, therefore, that the pith and substance of the former class of information might be profitably condensed, and compacted into the view of Manchester and Manchester operative-life which follows. The writer has in some degree sought to call up as vivid a picture as he might of the peculiar and visible characteristics of the cotton city. With its commerce, its institutions, and its municipal and mercantile arrangements, he had nothing to do. His object was to convey a correct and locally-colored idea of the social system which has grown up under the influences of the greatest branch of our national industry, and to sketch with some minuteness the peculiarly shrewd and hard-headed temperaments of the manufacturing men of Lancashire, who have lately afforded so many proofs of their ability and their will to play a most important part in the direction of our national polity.

There have been few things better abused than the cotton manufacturing system. For many years, it has been made the scape-goat for all kinds of imputed iniquities and alleged oppressions. "Factory-slaves" became a common cant term in certain agitating circles, and "cotton lords" were looked upon by every eau-de-Cologne sentimentalist throughout the land as Molochs and modern Giant Despairs. Silly novels aided what scurrilous and unfair pamphlets had begun; and, a few

years ago, the great cotton regions of England—its guiding spirits and its working hands—were very generally looked upon with mingled pity and indignation. Mr. Southey described the factory system as "a wen—a fungous excrescence on the body politic;" and the day has been sighed for when the ploughshare would pass over the foundations of Manchester. But out of all this slough of prejudice and error, the cotton metropolis has of late been steadily rising. No amount of folly or misrepresentation could ultimately prevent that; and the whole kingdom has seen that district which it contemned as a region of grinding capitalists, without a thought save of cotton and of stunted serfs, toiling perforce at an unwholesome trade—one vast slave-gang; the nation, we repeat, has seen that region suddenly dart into magnificent political energy and power; found a new economic and social system; and by the peculiar clear-headedness of the views, and the still more peculiar working energy of its people, triumphantly direct the policy of the land. Such a people are formed neither of serfs nor tyrants.

The secret of the success of this late grand movement of the city and the district of the tall chimneys, is to a great degree to be found in the intense practical sagacity and practical energy of its inhabitants. England is the most practical of nations, and Lancashire is the most practical part of England. It is on the banks of the Irwell and the Mersey, indeed, that we find the very essence of the old Anglo-Saxon spirit of the country—often expressed, by the way, in Anglo-Saxon words, everywhere else long extinct and forgotten. And the essence of this spirit was ever to do rather than to say—the special characteristic of Manchester. While other towns are speaking, Manchester is working. A local scheme, for example, got up in Manchester, would be proposed, considered, subscribed for, undertaken, and executed, before another similar scheme in a southern city had furnished half its quota of preliminary talk. Life, indeed, in the cotton districts, appears at first a perfect turmoil of action; but on nearer inspection all the feeling of confusion wears off, and you contemplate with equal awe and admiration the working of the vast manufacturing and distributing machine, supplying half the world with its productions, with a thousand eyes peering for new markets, and a thousand hands ready to pour in the staple material; consulting every popular taste and every physical climate; manufacturing for Siberia and Africa; clothing in its textures the Chinese in his tea-garden, and the Indian squaw in the Rocky Mountains. Everywhere you observe practical sagacity, and the invincible tendency to action. No procrastination there, no delay. A man resolves, and his hand is at the work ere the thought has ceased to vibrate in his brain.

Much of the popular distaste for the manufacturing system and the manufacturing districts, possibly arose from the ugliness and smokiness of the towns; and in this respect, no doubt, Manchester and its compeers might be greatly improved. Some architectural symmetry lavished

upon the mills, and some smoke-consuming apparatus to clear the atmosphere, would cheer the aspect of matters immensely. As it is, the transition from the rural to the cotton districts is, it must be confessed, not pleasant. First, the railway traveller perceives a dull, leaden canopy encroaching upon the bright blue sky, and the number of stations shows the increasing density of the population. Rural factories, each with its clustered group of cottages, begin to appear. The roads are substantially paved with stone; canals, studded with barges, abound; and the rivers run turbid and thick, charged with the foulness of many factories they have helped to set in motion. Then the tall chimneys begin to rise around you; the country loses its fresh rurality of look; the grass seems brown and scorched, and the trees grimy and stunted; while path and road are black with coal-dust. Further on, you shoot through town after town—the outlying satellites of the great cotton metropolis—all of them identical in features; all of them little Manchesters; all of them dotted with vast brown piles of building, distinguished by the dull uniformity of their endless rows of windows, their towering shafts, with pennons of smoke, and the white gushes of waste steam continually blowing off. Some dozen miles characterized by such features, and you are whirled along the roofs of a vast net-work of mean, unadorned streets; everywhere broken up by the eternally recurring black masses of the mills; the expanse of populated brick intersected by numerous canals, and its hollows spanned by railway viaducts; until, in a few minutes, you find yourself discharged from the train, in the very centre of the city of Manchester.

In the general aspect of the town, a very important part is played by the sombre, silent streets, which principally consist of warehouses—many of them of stately and symmetric aspect, with long, pillared façades and ornamented frontages. Here the passengers are comparatively few, and consist almost entirely of hurrying men of business; while the prevailing vehicles are the low vans or trucks, on which bales of goods are conveyed from the factories to the marts, where they are exposed for sale, and packed for distant markets. Other thoroughfares are more metropolitan in their aspect, presenting the usual appearance of the crowded highways of a large and busy town, and studded with public buildings, several of them of great size and architectural beauty. But wherever you may take your station in Manchester, you are not far from heaps of mean, two-storied houses, extending in ramifications of monotonous and uninteresting streets, and every now and then interrupted by the vast sweep of brick-wall, the half-dozen tiers of square windows, and the towering shafts of the *genius loci*—the cotton-mill.

In Manchester streets, there is a total absence of loungers. Busy as London is, the cotton capital is still busier. The upper class of the population go buzzing from warehouse to warehouse, and bank to bank, and office to office. At certain hours, swarms of mechanics, in their distinguishing fustian, seem to burst from concealed receptacles; and, mingled with them, appear the factory operatives, the true working-people of Manchester; the men, in general, under-sized and sallow-looking; and the girls and women also somewhat stunted and pale, but smart and active, with dingy dresses, and dark shawls wreathed round

their heads, abundantly speckled with flakes of cotton-wool. The girls almost invariably move about in groups, and very often with their arms round each other's necks and waists. The working-dress, with its characteristic locks of cotton, however, disappears upon the Sunday; and the "factory-lass" who flung a shawl over her head and shoulders on the last six days of the week, appears on the first as gay as a smart bonnet and ribbons can make her.

Both in its industrial and architectural features, Manchester may be roughly divided into three great regions. The central of these, lying round the civic heart—the Exchange—whence the pulsation of every steam-engine, at least morally, proceeds, is the grand district of warehouses and counting-rooms. There the fabrics spun, woven, printed, and dyed at the mills, are stored for inspection and purchase; there the actual business of buying and selling is carried on; there are banks, offices, and agencies innumerable. The far outskirts of the city, again, form a species of universally stretching west or fashionable end, if, indeed, the word belt be not more applicable. Thither fly all who can afford to live out of the smoke. There you will find open, handsome squares, and showy ranges of crescents, and rows, and miles of pleasant villas peeping out from their shrubberied grounds. Between these two regions—between the dull stacks of warehouses and the snug and airy dwellings of the suburbs—lies the great mass of smoky, dingy, sweltering, and toiling Manchester. It is from that mid-region that the tall chimneys chiefly spring; and it is beneath these—stretching in a net-work of inglorious looking, but by no means universally miserable streets, from mill to mill, and factory to factory—we find the homes of the spinners and the weavers, whose calicoes are spread abroad over three parts of the garment-wearing globe.

The different regions of working Manchester present, however, very different degrees of architectural and sanitary progress. The old parts of the town are the worst; the new portions laid out for the working classes are the best; and suburbs are being projected in a style which will leave all behind that has been yet done. The oldest and the worst working district of Manchester is the region known as Ancoats. Here, however, you will find the truest specimens of the indigenous Lancashire population, and hear the truest version of the old Anglo-Saxon pronunciation. Ancoats, we have heard a Manchester man say, is to Manchester what Manchester is to England. The type of the true Lancashire spinner and weaver lingers in its dark alleys and undrained courts in greater purity than in any of the more recent, more improved, and more healthy districts. Ancoats, in fact, is Manchester *pur sang*—Manchester ere sanitary improvement and popular education had raised and purified its general social condition. Many of its streets, particularly the great thoroughfare called the Oldham Road, are magnificent in their vast proportions; but the thousands of by-lanes and squalid courts, the stacked-up piles of undrained and unventilated dwellings, swarm with the coarsest and most dangerous portions of the population. Here the old and inferior mills abound; here the gin-palaces are the most magnificent, and the pawn-shops the most flourishing; here, too, the curse of Lancashire—the "low Irish" congregate by thousands; and here principally abound the cellar dwellings,

and the pestilential lodging-houses, where thieves and vagrants of all kinds find shares of beds in underground recesses for a penny and twopence a night. Proceeding round the belt of the working district we find, bordering upon Ancoats, the township of Chorlton. Here there is a decided improvement. The houses of the operatives in all the quarters are two-storied; but in Chorlton the principles of ventilation, and the regards of domestic convenience, have been to some degree provided for. The streets are far cleaner, the dwellings are not so closely packed together, and they are somewhat larger than those in Ancoats. Here, too, "cellar houses" are less frequent; the basement story being put to the more legitimate use of storing coal, than of lodging, in its damp recesses, human beings. But of all the toiling portions of the city, the district of Hulme—the last built—is the most gratifying. Here the houses outstrip those of Chorlton, as the latter do those of Ancoats. And here only in Manchester—its dwellings of the class—has the great improvement been effected of making the street-door open into a passage, and not into the family room. An almost invariable and very significant feature about the houses of the Manchester spinners is, that the better the dwelling, the better will the furniture be found. The people in Hulme do not earn more than those in Ancoats, and they pay rather a higher rent; but their home comforts are far greater. The matting in the inferior districts becomes carpeting or drugget in the superior; and it frequently happens that the plain deal of the one is the mahogany of the other. The cause is obvious. People well lodged take a natural pride in being well provided with household necessities. They wish the furniture to correspond with the rooms, and a general spirit of care and neatness is the certain result. Let me sketch, in a few brief words, the average style of a couple of the dwellings in question—the small and ill-built Ancoats house, and the airier and better-planned Hulme tenement. Fancy first a wide-lying labyrinth of small dingy streets, and narrow, unsunned courts, terminating in *cul de sacs*, with a sloppy gutter in the centre. Every score or so of yards you catch sight of a dingy third-class mill, with its cinder-paved courtyard and its steaming engine-shed; or of a shabby-looking chapel, its infinitesimal Gothic ornaments grimed with the ever-pouring smoke. Proceeding along such streets, you perceive almost all the doors wide open, and clusters of children playing on the thresholds. The interiors thus stand revealed; a series of little rooms, about ten feet by eight, generally floored with brick or stone; a substantial deal-table in the centre, and chairs and stools to correspond. Sometimes you perceive a little mahogany table; and a feature of Manchester operative dwellings, is a curiously small sofa of common material; sometimes there is a vast cupboard with a shining assortment of plates and jugs; sometimes these are ranged on shelves around, with humble cooking-gear beneath. Two features you seldom miss; a huge, glaringly painted tea-tray, emblazoned with all the colors of the rainbow; and a tolerably good-looking clock. Perhaps from the regularity of mill-hours, clocks are indispensable pieces of furniture in the working world of Manchester, and a clock is very frequently the first article of household stuff which a young married couple procure. Besides these general features, the usual litter of small domestic matters abound. Flour barrels are common. The

windows are screened by muslin blinds; and poor withered plants, dead and dying, ranged almost universally along the sill, give evidence of the characteristic love of the Manchester people for vegetation, and of their very general taste for botany.

As we pass, we glance down at the unwholesome cellar dwellings. Their number is now happily diminishing, and with it typhus, and low and putrid fever, are decreasing also. The furniture of the cellar houses is seldom or ever so good as that of even the most inferior tenements above, and there is always a total lack of little ornamental or fancy articles. Two rooms, one over the other, is the ordinary quantum of accommodation in the Ancoats district. The cases are exceptional in which a back-scullery is added to the ground-floor apartment. In Hulme, however, we have a different state of things. Many of the houses there have four rooms and a cellar; and the provisions of the Building Act, against tenements being raised back to back, have been strictly observed. With superior houses, as we have already remarked, come superior fittings. We begin to find what we may call the parlor element: a room is reserved for holiday and festive occasions, the family meanwhile making a living-place of the kitchen. The arrangement is not without its inconveniences, as it practically abridges the available space, but it also inculcates habits of self-respect, and a degree of laudable ambition to get up the room of state in the handsomest manner possible. Saturday is the great cleaning-out day in Manchester. The mills then "knock off" about two or half after two o'clock; and if you visit the operative *quarters* after that time, you will be astonished at the vigor with which the work of purification is being carried on—at the swarms of little "piecers" and "slubbers" staggering from the nearest public pumps or spouts with pails of water—and, inside, at the numbers of men who, with rolled-up shirt-sleeves, are aiding their wives and children in the work. It is no doubt the tendency of gregarious employments, especially those in which children early earn high wages, to break up the domestic feeling and the domestic circle; and such, to a great extent, is the case in the cotton districts. Still, however, the home feeling of the Saxon race seems strong, and in a great measure indestructible. Every pleasant evening, after mill-hours, the workmen's streets present a scene of no little quiet enjoyment. The people seem on the best terms with each other, and laugh and gossip from door to door and window to window. The women, in particular, are fond of sitting in groups on the thresholds, knitting and sewing; and, as might be expected, there is no inconsiderable amount of sweetheating going forward.

The rents paid by Manchester operatives for such dwellings as have been described, vary from 3s. to 4s. 6d., and in some cases to 5s. a week. This is for a house. For a cellar, the tenant pays from 1s. to 2s. and 2s. 6d., according to size. In times of trade stagnation, the better houses are less occupied, and people who have little relish for such abodes, find themselves forced to fall back upon the cellars. In an average state of trade prosperity, however, it is calculated that one cellar in every six in the Chorlton district, which is neither the best nor the worst, is empty. The people, as a general rule, dislike them, and to some extent the cellar tenants hold a species of Pariah position in operative estimation.

It is time, however, to pass from the sleeping-home of the spinners and the piecers to their working-home—the factory—to the great rooms or sheds, as they are called, where the allotted ten hours, sometimes lengthened out by ingenious technical contrivances to ten and a half and eleven hours per day, are spent. The manufactories of cotton-thread may be divided into three great classes, according to the fineness or tenuity of the threads which they educe from the raw cotton. The establishments spinning very delicate threads are technically called “fine spinning-mills,” or mills producing “high numbers.” Then there are medium mills, and “coarse” spinning-mills, manufacturing a rough, strong thread of various degrees of thickness. Of these, the fine spinning-mills generally give the best wages. The work there is more delicate, the machinery moves more slowly, and the temperature is kept higher than in the coarse or even the medium spinning-mills. The processes performed in all, however, are, in the main, identical, and we will shortly and plainly expound them.

The cotton is first unpacked, and mingled together according to certain technical qualities inscribed upon the bales. It has then to be cleaned and it first passes through the blowing-machines. The labor requisite here is quite unskilled, and the men and boys employed earn wages ranging from 6s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. per week, for tossing armfuls of cotton into the machinery, and gathering the partially cleansed material as it is ejected from the revolving cylinders. The atmosphere of the blowing-room is usually the worst in the factory. Dust and fluff are blown about in clouds, and the people frequently work with handkerchiefs stretched across their mouths. The next stage is carding. Men and boys are also the operators here. The mechanism reduces the cotton to the state which we commonly call wadding, and the work consists in supplying the material, taking the accumulating wadding off the drums on which it is wound, and removing the coarser locks rejected by the machinery. The work requires attention and delicate handling, and the men's wages attain to from 13s. to 14s. in the medium mills, and rise to from 14s. to 15s. in the high number factories. We now enter upon the primary spinning operations—the gradual reduction of the cotton to smaller and smaller strings. These are conducted almost exclusively by women, called “tenters”—the old Saxon phrase—who watch or “tent” the threads as they are evolved, and, by a rapid and dexterous evolution of their fingers, unite any fibre which breaks, almost as soon as the accident takes place. The wages given depend upon the increasing delicacy of the thread, as it advances from the coarser to the finer “frames;” every such stage requiring a more watchful eye and a more delicate hand. Some of the women attending the finest drawing of these frames can earn as much as 11s. per week. About 2s. difference is often made between the pay of a girl and a woman; while at the lower frames they may be rewarded with from 7s. to 8s.—sixpence more or less. The pittance, indeed, is not great, but it equals what is frequently the weekly pay of a Dorsetshire laborer, for the support of a wife and children; while it can be attained in the factories not by one member of the household alone, but by every one of the requisite age and discretion. Up to this period of the manufacture, the temperature has not been oppressive, and the oily smell has not been disagreeable.

We have been passing through long rooms, low in the roof, but one blaze of light from the continuous tiers of windows; and as the operatives can open or shut these at their pleasure, they may have the temperature to their own tastes. In the spinning-room, this is not the case; the thread requires a high and moist temperature to make the fibres adhere properly; and the finer the thread, the higher must the range of the thermometer be. Eighty degrees is a common marking in high-number mills. The coarse-spinning establishments do not require such heat by from six to ten degrees. Here, again, we leave the women's department, and reenter the men's. There are two sorts of “mules,” or spinning-machines in use in Manchester—the ordinary instrument employed for fine work, requiring one spinner, two piecers, and a scavenger; and the self-acting mule, dispensing with the spinner, or at all events with the greater part of his services, but requiring the piecers and the scavenger, as in the ordinary mule. In the case of the latter, the spinner regulates the backward and forward motion of the frame, which advances and retreats ten or twelve feet, drawing out and twisting the threads in the process. The piecers follow the frame in its alternate movements, catching up the broken threads, and skillfully reuniting them. The scavenger, a little boy or girl, crawls beneath the machinery when it is at rest, and cleans the mechanism from superfluous oil, dust, and dirt. It will be perceived, that from the piecer and often the spinner having continually to follow the frame in its advancing and retreating movements, this is the department of cotton manufacture requiring most physical exertion. This exertion is simply walking, and the average distance traversed used to be a fierce subject of dispute in factory debates. The opponents of the system found no difficulty in estimating the children's daily journeys at twenty miles and more; other calculators made the distance from seven to eleven miles; and, from our own observations, we should be inclined to reckon it as nearer the former number than the latter—certainly not an amount of exertion likely to injure a well-fed and healthy boy. As for the spinner, his place is one of the prizes of the mill. His wages, although their tendency is now downwards, may average about £2 per week; and in very fine spinning-mills, may range 5s. or 10s. above that sum. His piecers earn, on the average, about 11s. per week, and the tiny scavenger clears his half-crown. The wives of the spinners never work in the mills, and this is a strong incentive, over and above the wages, to induce the men to struggle for the post. Besides, the spinner is quite a patron in his way; he employs his own piecers and scavenger, and of course selects them from his own family. The thread, being now complete, is sent to the power-loom; and here, again, we find the ladies the presiding superintendents. In general, each has charge of two looms, and the duty consists in taking care that nothing goes wrong, rather than in any continued active exertion. The wages range from 7s. to 9s.

It will be seen, from the above sketch, that the amount of physical labor—that the actual expenditure of physical energy and strength demanded in a cotton mill, is really very trifling. The engine is the real worker. It furnishes the thews and sinews for the toil. From the operative is demanded only different degrees of attention and manual adroitness to guide its complicated evolu-

tions. He is, in fact, rather a superintendent, than, in the ordinary sense of the word, a worker. In the early days of textile manufacture, he had no doubt to supply both the motive power and much of the mechanical skill necessary to correct the imperfectly-fashioned and working mechanism. Now, a general superintending watchfulness is all that is requisite at his hands. But although the manufacture of cotton be not a laborious operation, it is very commonly said to be an irksome one. Now, all mechanical toil is more or less irksome, and perhaps the lower the skill, the more disagreeable the labor; but it may be not unfairly urged, that tenting, and piecing, and spinning, just require that degree of manual dexterity and watchful heed which are compatible with the employment, with the least possible degree of irksomeness, of the greatest possible number of a population of men, women, and children.

At all events, Manchester cotton operatives at work have very little of the woebegone and slave-gang appearance frequently ascribed to them. Let us follow them in a day's toil, and note their appearance and their habits. Somewhere about five o'clock, A. M., the "knockers up" are at work. The term is an odd one; but in many humble Manchester windows a card is suspended, inscribed, "Knocking up done at one penny per week"—meaning that, for the small stipend in question, the advertiser is prepared to knock you up regularly at the hour in the morning your avocations render necessary. Many "knockers up" have a very decent body of clients; and they make their rounds so as to give the last visited time to be ready by the first peal of the factory-bell, which rings from five minutes before six until the hour strikes. In some of the mills, in the winter-time, the engine does not start until half an hour later; but, as a general rule, operative Manchester is up and stirring by six. The streets leading to the mills are thronged with men, women, and children flocking to their labor. They talk and laugh cheerily together. The girls keep, as usual, in groups, with their shawls round their head; and early breakfast-parties assemble at the stalls of peripatetic venders of hot coffee and cocoa. Any "hand" later than six is fined twopence, and in strict mills the doors are closed after a very few minutes of grace; so that the laggard has not only to pay his fine, but lose his morning's work.

Breakfast-hour comes round at half-past eight o'clock. The engine stops to the minute, and the streets are again crowded with those of the work-people whose homes are in the vicinity. A large proportion, however, breakfast in the factory, which supplies them with hot water. This practice, though inconsistent with the letter of the Factory Act, is winked at for the sake of practical convenience, many of the workmen living at a distance, and the time allowed being only one half-hour. The meal generally consists of coffee, with plenty of bread and butter, and in many cases a slice of bacon. At five minutes to nine o'clock, the bell again rings, and at nine the engine starts. The work goes on with the most perfect method and order. There is little if any talking, and there seems little disposition to talk. Everybody sets steadily and tranquilly about his or her duties, in that calm, methodical style which betokens perfect acquaintance with the work to be done, and perfect skill wherewith to do it. There is no hurry, no bustle. The people and the machinery keep time

as perfectly as though the same engine moved them both. The mill costume is, as may be imagined, something of the slovenliest. The men wear blue and striped shirts, unbraced trousers, and slippers; the women very generally envelop themselves in coarse pinafores and loose jackets, tying round the throat. The spinners and piecers, being the locomotive members of the establishment, frequently go about their work barefoot, or with such *chaussure* as reminds you of the old story of the sedan without the bottom. Little enough, indeed, can be said for the tidiness or the cleanliness of the work-people; they have an essentially greasy look, as if water would run off them as off a duck's back. And in this respect the women are not much better than the men. The floor on which they stand is as dark as old mahogany, from the continued oil-dripping; and it is really pitiful to see a pretty piecer with her bare feet and ankles the precise color of the boards she treads on.

In respect to physical appearance and development, the cotton operatives occupy a sort of middle and negative position. To say that they are decidedly stunted, is probably going too far; but they are certainly neither a robust nor a well-made generation. They do not look actually ill, but they have no appearance of what is called rude health. They are spare, and certainly undersized. At the same time, their movements are quick and easy, and there is no sign of weariness or languor either in face or limbs. The hue of the skin is perhaps the least favorable characteristic. The faces which surround you in a factory are for the most part lively in character, but cadaverous, and overspread by a sort of unpleasant greasy pallor. Now and then, a girl may be observed with some indications of roses in her cheeks; but such cases are exceptional; and among the elder and matronly women there are none. Altogether, there can be no doubt that factory-life does not tend to develop the frame in all its robustness, or the health in all its vigor, but neither does it seriously keep down the energies, or necessarily shorten life. Many of the characteristics of the factory population are to be found in the inhabitants of the meaner and more crowded towns, whether manufacturing or not; while in country-mills—of which there are scores in Lancashire and Yorkshire, situated amid the breezy hills—the work-people look just as rosy as the peasants around them. The inference would seem to be, that the crowded city-life is more injurious than the busy factory-labor.

But, meantime, the dinner-hour approaches. In Manchester, all the world, master and man, dine at one o'clock. From one to two, the industrial population—from the millionaire factory proprietor, to the little scavenger who earns his weekly half-crown—are all occupied in the pleasant process. Offices, warehouses, factories, are alike deserted. As the chimes strike one, all the engines pause together, and from every industrial establishment—be it cotton, silk, iron, print, or dye works—the hungry crowd swarms forth; and streets and lanes, five minutes ago lonely and deserted, are echoing the trappings of thousands of hurrying feet. In the great thoroughfares, such as the Oxford, the Oldham, and the London Roads, the press of people is immense; yet it is over, and the swarm absorbed, almost before you can catch its features. In tolerably good times, the Manchester operative never need want a din-

It would thus appear that cotton operatives, after attaining a certain age, stand very well up in the sanitary proportion; and there can be as little doubt that the mortality which does prevail among the Manchester working population at large, is to be traced to life in an ill-built town, not to life in a well-ventilated cotton-mill.

The greater part of the quota of Manchester extra and removable mortality is, however, as we have hinted, made up of children's deaths. It is before the juvenile portion of the population begin to work in the factory, not after it, that the system exposes them to the greatest danger. It is a melancholy, but an undoubted fact, that out of every 100 deaths in Manchester, very nearly one-half—48 and a fraction—are those of children under 5 years of age; while placing the period of life at 10 years, we find that 52 out of the 100 die annually. In some of the neighboring towns, especially in Ashton-under-Lyne, the proportion is still more appalling. There, by a calculation made embracing the 5 years ending with June 30, 1843, it appeared that out of the whole number of deaths, 57 per cent. were those of children under 5 years of age. It is, of course, generally known, that the first five years of life are the most fatal in all districts; but the infant mortality of the cotton towns is nearly 20 per cent. greater than the average of the whole kingdom. In this difference of proportion is to be found the great evil of the factory system as it at present exists—an evil committed not directly by work at the mills, but indirectly by work at the mills drawing individuals in certain cases from their homes. Marriages in Manchester are frequently contracted at a very early age, long before the man has any chance of holding the better-paid class of situations in the factory; and the result is, that his wife, like himself, is obliged to continue her daily toil in the mill, even after she has a young family growing up around her. From this necessity comes the curse of the cotton towns—the dosing of the children with opium to keep them quietly asleep at home or at nurse, until the return of their mothers in the evening; and the fact, demonstrated by statistics, that every seven years 14,000 children die in Manchester over and above the natural proportion. As may be well supposed, the system of infant neglect continues even after the children have got too old to be left all day in the cradle. Then they wander forth into the streets, running the risk of all manner of accidents, and so frequently going astray, that the police have actually to find out the domiciles of upwards of 4000 "lost" children per annum. This fact is mentioned upon the authority of the constabulary returns annually made to the corporation.

The practice of mothers laboring in the mills is all but universal, except in the cases of the wives of the spinners. "Pregnant women," says Dr. Johns, of Manchester, "continue their work up to the very last moment, and return to it as soon as ever they can move about." "In Ashton-under-Lyne," says a local medical authority, "it is no unfrequent occurrence for mothers of the tenderest age to return to their work in the factories on the second or third week after confinement, and to leave their helpless offspring in the charge of mere girls, or superannuated old women." Sometimes a wet nurse is clubbed for by three and even four women. Mr. Coulthard has seen one so exhausted "as to be unable to walk across the room," while the children "were almost unable to move their

hands or feet." The wet nurse, however, most frequently applied to, is the laudanum bottle. The dose is sometimes administered by the mother before she leaves home, but more generally by the old woman who is employed to take charge of perhaps half-a-dozen children, who are carried every morning to her house, and whom she doses so as to keep them quiet during the day, at a weekly stipend for each of from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.

The effect of laudanum upon the children is to produce suffusion on the brain, and a whole tribe of glandular and mesenteric disorders. The child sinks into a low, torpid state, and wastes away to a skeleton, the stomach alone preserving its protuberance. If it survives, it is more or less weakly, and stunted for life—the complexion never assumes a healthy hue, and the vital powers never attain their natural force and vigor. The liquid principally used is a drug common enough through all the country, and well known as "Godfrey's Cordial." In Manchester, "Godfrey," as the term is generally abbreviated, is a household word. Just as the gin-loving race of London delight to call their favorite beverage by dozens of slangy, affectionate titles—just as there is the "Cream of the Valley," and the "Regular Flare Up," and "Old Tom," so there are to be found in the lower districts of the cotton towns, "Baby's Mixture," "Mother's Quietness," "Child's Cordial," "Infant's Preservative," "Soothing Syrup," and so forth. The druggists are not the only vendors of these narcotics. The low public-houses and the "general" shops keep them made up in penny and half-penny doses, and, as may be believed, the sale is immense.

The "Godfrey" is an old-fashioned preparation, and has been in use for nearly a century. It is made of different degrees of strength, but on the average contains about an ounce and a half of laudanum to the quart. The dose is from half a teaspoonful to two teaspoonfuls. "Infant's Cordial" has the reputation of being stronger, containing on the average two ounces of laudanum to the quart. The stronger the potion is, indeed, the more it is sure to be in demand; and the dealers have a half-emptied bottle frequently brought to them, with a request for a drachm or so additional of laudanum. The constituents of all these doses over and above the narcotic element are water, anise-seed, and treacle. The stuff is often made by wholesale in huge coppers, holding perhaps twenty gallons, and thence supplied to the druggists and the general shops, to be frequently sold in the latter as "children's draughts, a penny each."

Sometimes the children are dosed by the nurses without the knowledge or consent of the mothers, who, however, soon find out the truth by the languid air and wasting limbs of their offspring. But the administration of "sleeping stuff," for the purpose of obtaining an undisturbed night's rest, is almost a universal practice even by parents who would shrink from stupefying their offspring in the daytime. Very young girls, too, when left in charge of children, follow the usages of the old nurses; and thus when every engine in Manchester is panting and throbbing, and every adult and youthful hand and eye upon the alert, a large proportion of the infant population is lying in a torpid sleep—their young energies sealed up, and their brains becoming softened under the spell of the wretched potion which has lulled them. The question here arises, whether a child so treated, but surviving its youth, has not imbibed tastes for

opium-drinking which cling to it in after-life. We are inclined to believe that such cases are the exceptions, not the rule. The steady discipline of the mills, as soon as the child is introduced to them, breaks up old habits, and launches the individual, as it were, into a new course of life. Still, there is a certain consumption of opium among the grown-up population. The drug is used in both its raw and liquid states; and women are the principal customers for it in the latter. In the case of children put out to nurse, the doses are of course gradually strengthened. The old woman intrusted with the charge, serves out the teaspoonful, and then having laid her stupefied babies in beds and cradles, goes about her own business, which is generally that of a laundress. Many of these persons earn in this way a really handsome income, from which, however, the expense of the drugs is a considerable drawback.

It will be seen from the above account, that the fact of young married females being allowed to labor in the mills, leading as it does directly to the necessity for Godfrey—is one of the chief blots in our manufacturing system. The mothers, when spoken to, will admit the evil, but complain that it is unavoidable—that the industry of both parents is necessary for the support of their family, and that they cannot afford to pay for any system of nursing save that in vogue. Efforts are now, however, being made to provide a remedy, and the *crèche* system of France has been introduced, and with fair success. The French *crèche* is a sort of public nursery, combining for the elder children the features of an infant school. It is under the superintendence of mistresses and nurses paid by public charity, or by the municipality. The children are brought every morning by the parents, and taken away every night. They have all sorts of household accommodation, and a playground; and their wants and appetites are attended to as well as if they were at home—often very much better. The parents of course provide the food, and some pay a small fee, but the *crèche* is open to all the world; and if the mother be too poor to contribute to the common stock of bread and milk, and soup, public benevolence makes up the deficiency. The extensive establishment of such institutions, well organized and well looked after, would remove one of the greatest stains upon the social and industrial system produced by the cotton manufacture. The *crèche* would knock over the Godfrey bottle at a blow; and for a far smaller amount than is often paid to nurses, the children would be really attended to, wholesomely fed, and would grow up in that health and strength to which so many are strangers. If, however, the necessity for young mothers to work in the mills could be got over, the change would be, in many respects, more auspicious still. The ignorance of the mill-girls in domestic matters was long a subject of regret, and a matter of household discomfort. Their notions of cooking were of the rudest and the least economical nature; and few or none could do anything for themselves with the needle. We have heard of an instance of a Manchester mill-girl after her marriage cooking her first dinner, and which was to be eaten at one o'clock, putting the potatoes on to boil at nine, and never looking into the pot until her husband had arrived, when, to her utter astonishment, she found that the water had somehow disappeared, and that the potatoes lay a brown and strongly smelling mass on the half-burnt-through bottom of the saucepan! Since the Ten Hours' Bill, however, a change for the better is becoming

apparent. The girls have a long evening to themselves; and people accustomed to Manchester are recognizing a decided improvement in the style of dress of the operative female population—the result of having time to learn and put in practice the use of the needle. The writer was once invited to inspect a little display of the evening handiwork of the girls in one of the largest mills in Manchester, where a long counter was heaped over with dresses, bonnets, and specimens of crochet-work; knitting, netting, sampler-sewing; Berlin wool-working; and a vast series of copy-books, blackened from end to end—all the production, the exhibitors were unanimous in declaring, of the Ten Hours' Bill.

An inevitable feature of life amid the drawing-frames and spindles, is the early break-up of domestic ties. Practically, it will be found that, all over the world, a family seldom or never remains united in one domicile after the younger members of it can support themselves. The feeling of personal independence is very frequently roused by some casual disagreement and separation is the result. In Manchester, this result takes place sooner than in other districts, simply because independence can be sooner achieved than in other districts. Boys and girls of fourteen and sixteen can and do habitually earn their own living. Their development hitherto has been precocious. Notions of mutual attachment and impulses of passion come early into play. They perceive they are giving more to the household than the household renders to them; and even if marriage does not ensue, it is very common for boys and girls to withdraw from the parental roof and control, and live unchecked and at liberty in lodgings of their own. And these separations are regarded as things of course. There is no sentimental grief wasted upon them. The father and mother expect that their children will go out into the world as they did themselves, and there is an end to it. In a moral point of view, there is much to be regretted in this system; and in a physical and sanitary aspect, the matter is still worse. Early marriages produce weakly children; while, from the ease of their contraction, they swell the population with a far greater than the average annual increase of the entire country. The number of marriages, in fact, is augmented in proportion to the earliness of the age at which marriage is practicable in the cotton districts, over that prevailing generally in the kingdom. For this state of things there seems no better remedy than that of educating and elevating, as much as possible, the minds of the population, and heightening the comforts of their homes. Were there no such unions, the births would merely be illegitimate, instead of legitimate; and to take away the means of early marriage would be simply to destroy the whole manufacturing system and the whole manufacturing population.

The working of the Ten Hours' Bill in the cotton factories is now, and has been for some years, on trial, and, on the whole, as it would seem, with success. The law stands thus: The hours in which it is lawful to work a cotton-mill are from half-past five o'clock, A. M., to half-past eight o'clock, P. M.—a total of fifteen. Within these hours, the period of labor is restricted specially in respect to three classes of workers, and indirectly, and by a side-wind, in respect to the remaining class. Children, young persons, and women, are the protected classes. Children are individuals between the ages of eight and thirteen. They must not

be worked more than six and a half hours, and must attend school for three hours. The phrase "young persons," signifies boys and girls between thirteen and eighteen. They are restricted to ten hours; and all women fall under the same regulation. Thus, only adult labor is left nominally uninterfered with. A male above eighteen may work the whole fifteen hours of the factory day, if he and his employer please; but as the adult labor cannot be carried on without that of children, young persons, and women, the restriction is practically universal. Various clever expedients have been invented to elude the law, by devices called "shifts." In some cases, the requisite number of juvenile and female workers was transferred from one mill to another; in others, by a most ingenious and complicated arrangement of hours, very difficult to understand, two hands are made to relieve each other in such a manner, that while each only works ten hours, he or she is in attendance fifteen, the machinery—except at meal hours, which are always the same—being in motion for that time. The principle is very much the same as if a coach should advertise to change horses every hour, and start with four horses, two pulling and two accompanying, the latter forming the first relay, and so on alternately, the pullers of one stage trotting alongside in the next. These tricks, however, have been put down by magisterial decisions and the force of public opinion; and the regular hours of factory labor are now ten. As a general rule, the bill is popular among the work-people. The better disposed go to regular evening-schools; and the women, besides learning to read and write, get some knowledge of household and needle work; while both sexes, of course, have more inclination and vigor for self-improvement after ten, than they had after twelve hours of mill-labor. Still, the fall in the wages made many grumblers. The result of Mr. Horner the factory inspector's inquiries was, that about 63 per cent. of the male operatives went for ten hours, 12 per cent. for eleven hours, and 25 per cent. for twelve hours. Since that period, however, the popularity of the short time is understood to have materially increased—in evidence of which may be cited the determined opposition of the working-people to the shift-system. That the bill has produced the morally regenerating effect which many of its supporters expected, is certainly not the case. No opportunity for self-cultivation and improvement would induce persons not naturally inclined in the direction, to avail themselves of it; but in those instances in which the natural inclination existed, the extension of leisure time was hailed as a great boon, and no doubt has effected great good. Schools, particularly writing-schools, received the first impulse. The vendors of books and cheap publications did not, to their surprise, find any increased demand for their wares, except in the matter of copy-books, which became so much the vogue, that the former price of 2d. was reduced to 1½d. Evening amusements, however, received a vast impulse. The singing-houses, cheap theatres, and exhibition booths, with which Manchester abounds, became crowded. This, unfortunately, was to have been expected; but a far more satisfactory symptom, that of the new parks, swarming on every pleasant evening with vast throngs of the released operatives with their wives and children, has been regularly exhibited since the opening of these agreeable and healthful places of resort. It is not generally known that a

favorite pursuit of the Manchester operative, when a holiday enables him to indulge it, is botanizing. The people have a peculiar taste for the study; and collections of plants and herbals, arranged with no mean skill, are very often to be found among the most prized articles of the household. Zoology and entomology are also studied; the city-pent and smoke-dried people appearing to turn with a natural longing to anything which reminds them of nature and her productions. "There are," says the authoress of that most affecting and instructive story, *Mary Barton*—"there are botanists among them equally familiar with either the Linnæan or the Natural System, who know the name and habitat of every plant within a day's walk from their dwellings, who steal the holiday of a day or two when any particular plant should be in flower; and tying up their simple food in their pocket-handkerchiefs set off with single purpose to fetch home the humble-looking weed. There are entomologists who may be seen with a rude-looking net, ready to catch any winged insect, or with a dredge with which they rake the green and slimy pools—practical, shrewd, hard-working men, who pore over every new specimen with real scientific delight. Nor is it the common and more obvious divisions of entomology or botany that alone attract these earnest seekers after knowledge. Perhaps it may be owing to the great annual town-holiday of Whitsun-week falling so often in May or June, that the two great beautiful families of Ephemeroidea and the Phryganidea have been so much and so closely studied by Manchester workmen, while they have in a great measure escaped general observation." Mathematics is another branch of study considerably in vogue among the more thinking of the working-people; and during the long hours passed watching the twining threads and whirling spindles it may be well conceived that those politically and speculatively inclined muse almost unceasingly on social and industrial questions, frequently arriving at conclusions, the fallacy of which a very little scientific instruction would have enabled them to avoid, but to which they cling with an obstinate devotion which sets argument and fact alike at naught. The temperament of this class of the people is hard, dry, and shrewd. Their notions are narrow, but clear. They possess strong convictions and great earnestness, with a tendency to veneration, and a serious and religious bearing. In these respects, indeed, the northern cotton population possess many Scotch qualities; but they lack one of the best—the general ambition of the working-man north of the Tweed to bring his son up to a loftier sphere than he fills himself. It may be observed, by the way, that studious and thinking individuals of the class specified are almost always the product of a light and tranquil occupation. Among the iron-workers, the coal-miners, and so forth, such instances are very rare. The muscles are developed with them, hardly ever the brain; and cases of brutal outrage are common in iron and coal districts, particularly the former, which are never heard of among the weaker and the meeker toilers by the mule and the loom.

Music is another favorite amusement of the Lancashire cotton population. The county has produced very fine voices, particularly sopranos; and the people seem to have an inborn relish for vocal music, with a peculiar capability for part-singing. One of the most popular metropolitan concert and oratorio singers of the day, Mrs. Sunderland, was a Manchester mill-girl; and the last generation

still remember the delicious ballad-singing of Mrs. Knyvett, *née* Deborah Travers, and brought up in an Oldham factory. In the country-mills, a choral society or a band, or both, is common; and the rural gatherings which in summer take place of the choirs of different churches, both in Lancashire and Yorkshire, are described by musicians who have been present as being, under the circumstances, perfect phenomena of art. At these reunions, passages from the oratorios of Handel and Haydn are performed with a vigor and freshness of style, and a deep sentiment and veneration for the music, which are described as absolutely marvellous. In Manchester, however, the popular taste is certainly not so highly cultivated; and the musical saloons, in which drink is as much looked after as melody and harmony, are not amongst the most promising of the popular places of amusement. Yet these establishments are full of character; and we know no resorts in Manchester where so true an idea may be so soon formed of the amusements, habits of speech and thought, the tastes and the minor social peculiarities of the average workers of the mills than in these places of evening entertainment. The better part of the operative population do not indeed frequent the saloons, and the auditory are generally young, but they are sure to be thorough Manchester folk—mill-hands from five years of age upwards. Saturday night is the best time for visiting one of these characteristic establishments. They abound in all sizes and degrees of importance and celebrity, from vast halls, got up with considerable decorative skill, to mere dens of beer-shop parlors. One of the principal and most favored is the Apollo Saloon, in the London Road. The spectacle to be seen in its vicinity, about nine o'clock on a Saturday night, is not a thing to be missed by visitors of Manchester. The London Road is a vast thoroughfare, intersecting a purely operative portion of the town. It is noted for its cheap shops, and the extraordinary variety of articles which can be procured from its general dealers. On Saturday night, however, the street takes completely the aspect of a fair. The broad pavements are crammed with stalls, heaped with cheap eatables, animal and vegetable, with household matters, and with coarse articles of attire. Great streams of unprotected gas flicker over the booths, and similar pennons blaze at the doors of every shop. The crowd is vast. All working Manchester seems to have assembled for the purpose of laying in its Sunday provisions; and the gubbling din of the universal chaffering mingles with the cries of the stall-keepers, proclaiming the quality of their goods, the shouts of the drivers of vehicles coming slowly through the crowd, and the laughing screams of bands of mill-girls calling out to each other, and joking with their friends. You can hardly make your way into a shop; and the public houses, streaming with light, are literally choked with customers, while the swinging-doors of the pawn-brokers have no moment of rest. Through this chaos of buying and selling, of pushing and struggling, you make your way to the illuminated sign of the Apollo Saloon, and find yourself paying your twopenny to a functionary who is supported, or perhaps watched over, by a policeman. The check he gives you entitles you to two-pennyworth of malt liquor; so that, if you consume this, your entrance is gratis. Mounting a broad yet steep staircase, you suddenly emerge into a long, narrow room; from which, as the doors open, will burst

upon you a suffocating volume of tobacco-smoke, a bewildering glare of light, a babel of tongues, and a confused vision of a crammed-together assemblage of working men and women—the men smoking, and the men and women drinking from every species of vessel—glass, pewter, and stoneware. The room is papered with a design imitative of carved wood-work. In the centre, on the right hand side, is the bar, from which the “orders” are dispensed by active female waiters, who have much to do to squeeze themselves between the tables—which are very long and curiously narrow, each one flanked by forms for the company. At the top of the room is an absurdly small theatre, the proscenium fitted in the ordinary style, but the scale of dimensions being so insignificant, that the heads of the performers reach to what is called, in technical language, the “flies.” The orchestra beneath consists perhaps of two or three fiddles and a piano, and the performance, it may be, going on. It consists either of a dramatic entertainment, of isolated dances, or of alternate part and comic singing—all very primitive in their style, and not a little coarse. The “play” is not much above the calibre of a Greenwich-fair tragedy. It generally possesses a sanguinary tyrant, with an army of two “retainers;” a grimly ghost, who rises in the last scene amid blue-fire; two oppressed lovers, the victims of the tyrant; a rightful and a wrongful heir; and, above all, a comic peasant and his sweetheart. These last delight the audience; they dance hornpipes, sing funny duos about being married and having a family; make local allusions, which are caught at very sharply; and outrage all the laws of dramatic propriety by asking the spectators riddles. The musical part of the performance consists very often of Ethiopian serenaders, of whom the people never appear to tire; of local songs in local dialect, sung in character; with an occasional common-place sentimental ditty, while sometimes there occurs a song not of the most decorous character. This last, however, is decidedly an exception to the rule. Dancing is much relished, and all sorts of hornpipes are the staple performances. We have seen an “artist” dressed in front as a sailor, and behind as a soldier, with a mask, so that he always appeared to be facing the audience, make the hit of the evening, by first going through a number of military evolutions, and singing *The British Grenadiers*, with a drum; and then swinging himself round, and appearing in the character of a “true British sailor,” in which he sang *The Bay of Biscay*, two or three of Dibdin’s songs, and ended with a most vigorous naval hornpipe.

The company who assist at these performances are almost entirely mill-hands, and mechanics. On the average, two thirds will be males, the remainder females of all ages—a good many with children, and a few with babies at the breast, these last being usually accompanied by their husbands. Young mill-girls, however, are not wanting. You will see them in twos and threes, and you may put them down as belonging to the class of juveniles who leave home at an early age for the liberty of lodgings. Everybody is in working-dress, and, as might be expected, a general atmosphere of decided free-and-easiness reigns over the assembly. Yet it is generally orderly, and cases of drunkenness are certainly the exception, although plenty of such are to be met with in the street outside. The buzz of loud talking, and the constant vociferations for more porter, certainly produce a continu-

ous uproar; but generally the disposition of the people appears to be good-humoredly conversational, and they are always inclined to be communicative to strangers. The Apollo Saloon is rivalled by another, of peculiar construction, in the vast thoroughfare of the Oldham Road. In this haunt of the Muses there are two great rooms, one above the other, with the ceiling between them partially removed, so that about half the people in each apartment can see half the people in the other, by looking up and down the yawning hatchway. This invention was the idea of an ingenious landlord, who had purchased a really very splendid self-performing organ, but who found considerable difficulty in having the instrument in both rooms at once. The organ in question plays overtures and movements of symphonies, and cost £194. The performances take place only at certain hours and on certain nights, when they are densely attended. The lower class of singing and hornpipe-dancing places present no features save that of being bad imitations of bad originals. They give conjuring exhibitions occasionally, tricks with cards, and similar trivial displays; and wherever there is a pretended fortune-teller, the women are sure to muster, to hear their future fates. So much for the Manchester cheap Harmonic Rooms. Their evil social influence is indubitable, for the amusement is nearly of the lowest class, and music and dancing are made subsidiary to smoking and drinking. But a far more respectable and elevating class of entertainment has of late years been established in the Monday Popular Concerts, held in the great Free-Trade Hall. On these occasions, there are often present several thousand operatives, male and female. The price of admission is 3d., there being a small slice of the hall railed off and charged double. The programmes upon these occasions do not present any great executive display. An organ and piano for accompaniments, with a few professors—generally of merely local celebrity—now and then a London star, and a good and well-trained chorus of some thirty voices, form the executive troupe. In the pieces played, there is a preponderance of broad, massive choral music and popular ballads. Glees and madrigals also enjoy a large share of favor, and encores are curiously frequent. For all species of "entertainments," from lectures to juggling, however, Manchester is an excellent field. The itinerant "entertainer," whatever may be his luck in other quarters, is pretty sure to reap a bountiful harvest among the tall chimneys, to which, when at all within their reach, the working-classes copiously contribute.

The literature of the Lancashire operatives might be much altered for the better. A great proportion are, more or less, readers—not readers or thinkers of the class to which we have alluded as naturalists and speculative men, but devourers of vulgar tales and monstrous legends, in the coarse manufacture of which they find matter of absorbing interest; and of cheap essayist publications, often of extreme democratic views, sometimes promulgating social and immoral opinions. With floods of cheap literature of this class, most of it of London origin, the booksellers' shops in the working portions of the town are absolutely deluged. Upon their shelves will be found masses of penny novels, and comic-song, and dream, and recitation books, jumbled with sectarian pamphlets and democratic essays. Cheap educational works, too, in great variety, are accompanied by

cheap reprints of American tales, and new editions of the early Puritan divines; while the chaos is completed by Sacred Melodists, Pinnock's Catechisms, and Little Warblers, ranged side by side with doubled-columned translations from modern French novels by Eugène Sue, Dumas, Sand, and Paul Feval. Still, the cheap and coarse penny novel, appearing in weekly parts, seems to take the lead in popular estimation. In the winter of '49-50, Mr. Abel Heywood, the greatest dealer in Manchester in working-class literature, calculated that his weekly sale of the following lot of licentious garbage amounted, for each publication, to an average of 6000 numbers: "*Angelina, El-mira's Curse, Claude Duval, Eardley Hall, Ella the Outcast, Gentleman Jack, Gambler's Wife, Gallant Tom, Lady Hamilton, Mazeppa, Mildred, Old Sanctuary, Royal Twins, String of Pearls, The Brigand, and The Oath.*" A number of these celebrate the gallant and generous qualities of highwaymen; and the general character of the whole is that of a collection of monstrous improbabilities in narrative and character, seasoned up with a murder or a hanging every few pages, or with a scene of coarse licentiousness. There may be exceptions, but such is the rule. Of similar publications, but having a smaller circulation—say from 100 to 1500 per week—Mr. Heywood furnished a list as long as the first. In the department of periodicals devoted to essays, tales, and generally to the development of democratic, and more or less socialist views, he calculated that the proportions of sale were as follow: *Barker's People*, 22,000 (this publication is American, and seldom seen out of the manufacturing districts); *Reynold's Miscellany*, 3700; *Illustrated Family Journal*, 700; *London Journal*, 9000 (this has probably risen since the period in question); *Family Herald*, 8000; *Home Circle*, 1000; *Home Journal*, 1000; *Penny Sunday Times*, 1000; *Lancashire Beacon*, 3000; and *Potter's Examiner*, 1500. Turning to a better class of periodicals:—Mr. Abel Heywood sold per week of the *Domestic Journal*, 600 copies; of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, 1250 (this was soon after the commencement of that periodical); *Chambers' Journal*, 900; *Chambers' Information for the People*, 1200; *Hogg's Instructor*, 60; and the *People's Journal*, 400. *Punch* sold 1200, and the *Family Economist*, 5000 weekly. The monthly issues of the cheap editions of Dickens and Bulwer were 250 numbers of the former, and 200 of the latter. In answer to inquiries as to whether he could apportion particular classes of books to particular classes of readers, Mr. Heywood replied, that the comic or quasi-comic tales, and humorous publications, were principally bought by shopmen and clerks; that the school of the monstrous novels, and the more rabid democratic papers, supplied the literary thirst of the mass of the operatives; and that the better weekly publications were taken by the superior classes of the work-people. The women were terribly fond of mixed love and raw-head-and-bloody-bones stories.

With all the schools—parochial and factory, public and private, Sunday and evening—now at work in Manchester, it is to be hoped that the reading tastes of the people will not always continue at their present low ebb. That there is a dire mass of stolid ignorance in the population, is a too evident fact. The reports of the Educational Commissioners supply the most startling details upon the subject; but the work of instruction is

now making distinct inroads upon the waste. The present generation of adult workmen contrast the condition of their children, obliged by law to be instructed if they are to be admitted into a factory, with their own youth, when they were worked always twelve, often fourteen, hours per day before they were eight years of age. Now each spinner has to pay for the education of his piecers and scavengers from 3*d.* to 6*d.* a week. A visit to any of the factory-schools will give a lively idea of the sprightly activity of body and mind of the little, dirty-faced, bright-eyed mill-children. The masters generally agree in stating, that the factory pupils are, on the average, decidedly quicker than the offspring of the small tradesman, &c., who are not engaged in factory operations; but they complain that the juveniles from the mills are incurably dirty, and that they have continually to be sent back from the porch of Academe to wash their faces. In periods of trade depression, it is found very difficult to keep up these schools; and should a mill stop, there is an end for the time to the education of its quota of juveniles. Visiting a Manchester mill-school, we found but a scanty attendance. The master informed us that the engine in such and such an establishment had broken down; and on our inquiring what that had to do with his pupils, he shook his head, as he rejoined: "Ah, sir! in Manchester everything depends upon the engine. Stop the engine, and you stop the wages, the dinners, the fees—you stop everything." The Lancashire Sunday-school system has already attained a European reputation. The muster of children collected in the Peel Park, on the recent occasion of the royal visit to Manchester, and amounting, it is said, to more than 70,000, was a memorable proof of the perfection of the organization which could call forth in such order and discipline so vast a juvenile army. Narrow, and often sectarian as is the education given by establishments of the kind, it has worked an incalculable deal of good. You often hear in the north, that Lancashire would have been a hell upon earth were it not for its Sunday-schools. Long before educational committees of the privy-council, and British and Foreign School Societies were heard of—long ere the days of Institutes and Athenseums—the Lancashire Sunday-schools were at work, impregnating the people with the rudiments of an education—rude and fanatical, perhaps, but which long kept alive the glow of moral sentiment and popular intelligence. The founders of the system still maintain a curious kind of local fame. Often will the visitor to Manchester observe, both in drawing-rooms and humble parlor-kitchens, little dingy portraits of soberly-clad, grave-looking men, whose names he has never heard of, and who yet will be pointed out to him as the greatest and most glorious of Englishmen. Of these the most renowned is an indefatigable worker in the cause, of the name of Stott. For half a century, this gentleman was the foremost champion of the Lancashire Sunday-schools, and worked steadily on, although now accused of training up blood-thirsty young Jacobins, and again of organizing an operative Jacquerie. The school to which he principally devoted himself opened with 40 scholars. Its average number is now slightly under 3000. Sunday-schools in Manchester are not only a vast educational instrument, but a great social fact. Nearly every school has its library, and many their benefit societies. At Whitsuntide, the yearly week of rest, every school has its country trip.

Many of the richest men in Manchester will tell you, that to the Sunday-schools, which taught them to read and write, and inculcated habits of sobriety and honesty, they now owe their villas and their mills. Sunday-schools act also as powerful agents in binding different classes together. Men in the middle ranks of life very commonly act as teachers; and acquaintanceships formed in the school-room not unfrequently lead to life-long business connections. Families are for generations connected with the same school; a great proportion of the children, at any given time, are the offspring of old scholars; and a great proportion of the teachers were once scholars in the classes they subsequently instruct. The schools are elementary and religious. Scripture-reading and expounding, with instructions in psalmody, form the staple business of the meetings. Most schools have, however, their evening-classes, devoted to more secular instruction. For the working-day classes, small fees, varying from 2*d.* to 6*d.* per week, are paid. The Sunday education is entirely gratuitous. In general, the ages of the pupils vary from eight to twenty, and the girls commonly remain longer as scholars than the boys. The Manchester Sunday-schools hold, not only in educational but in social organization, from 40,000 to 50,000 children and young persons, controlled by 4000 or 5000 teachers, assistants, and inspecting-visitors. Of the whole number, about 25,000 may belong to the church-schools, of which there are about 50. Of two dissenting educational unions, the Manchester Union supports 28 schools, with a total of about 10,000 scholars; the Salford Union about 15, with a total of 6000 or 7000 scholars. There are also Calvinistic and Roman Catholic Sunday-schools, so that the educational provision in this respect is, if not ample, at least a great and constantly working moral engine. Very many of the mill-owners take a strong and practical interest in the schools; a few have Sunday-schools specially connected with their own establishments; and of that few, there are several who labor in the work themselves, and pass several hours every Sabbath among the people whom they employ. These gentlemen are generally strenuous teetotallers, and a total abstinence society is frequently an accompaniment of the factory school. Of the larger class of proprietors of mills, who do not possess the inclination for scholastic Sunday toil, a good many, nevertheless, encourage evening-classes, and behave liberally to reading-rooms and libraries for their work-people. Some of the larger mills have each an institution of the kind; and it is a general rule with factory owners, to pay such subscriptions to the local hospitals as will enable them at once to grant orders for admission to those of their people who are seriously ill.

Any notice of this great seat of manufacture would hardly be complete without some mention of the surrounding cotton towns, which encircle Manchester as satellites do a planet. We have stated, that in general features these bear a strong family resemblance to their parent. It would be difficult to tell which was the smokiest or the grimmest—the mother or her children; while the general habits of life, both of masters and men, are almost identical. Still, the locally instructed know that the resemblance is not unchecked by points of difference, both of a social and commercial character, which, though too subtle to meet a stranger's appreciation, are well known to the genuine Lancastrian. There are, for instance, the

old cotton towns and the new. In the former, the coarsest stuffs are generally produced, the least improved machinery is used, the manufacturers carry on operations on a smaller scale than their more modern-idea'd brethren, and more of them have been working-men themselves. The accommodation for the operative is also inferior in the old towns, and the whole social tone is lower. As examples, we may take Bolton in a certain degree, and Oldham to the fullest extent. The former town was early established as a manufacturing place, and is notorious for its proportion of cellar dwellings, from which fever is seldom or never absent. Bolton, too, in consequence of the peculiar nature of its productions, generally suffers severely in times of bad trade, and altogether its population seems beneath the social mark of average Manchester. In Oldham, the difference is more visible still. Oldham is the pariah of the cotton-trade. The refuse from all the other Lancashire towns is brought here, and worked up into the coarsest and trashiest of fabrics. The "shoddy," celebrated in the factory-act debates, is manufactured by wholesale at Oldham; and the "devil's dust," in the rooms where the machinery tears rags to pieces, may be encountered in nearly as suffocating clouds as in a Yorkshire cheap cloth manufactory. Oldham is a straggling, miserable-looking place. Contrary to the general practice in the cotton districts, it is here common for several masters to rent the same mill—each having his portion, and each paying his proportion towards the steam-engine, which serves them all. These capitalists are frequently of the smallest, and in no respect of education or refinement differ from the working-men they employ. The filth, smell, and utter want of ventilation in many of their small mills, are dreadful; the wages for coarse work, too, run low; and, altogether, Oldham is decidedly below par.

As opposite specimens to these two towns, may be cited Ashton-under-Line, which is remarkable for its great capitalists, for the comfort of the mills, and the excellent accommodation for the operatives, presented by the new portion of the town; and Staleybridge, which, although much beloved of the "low Irish," boasts that it possesses the most perfect spinning-mules, both as to speed and number of spindles, in Lancashire. The go-aheadism, in this respect, of Staleybridge, is universally admitted. Mr. Disraeli introduces the fact in a characteristic conversation between Coningsby and a Manchester baysman, and the superiority of the small to the big town in the speed of the spindles is still a matter of confession. Ashton is remarkable for the violent and extreme political and theological tendencies of its population. It was once a great stronghold of the believers in Joanna Southcote, and the long beards you sometimes see in the streets show that this singular sect is not yet extinct. The town was, indeed, to have been the "New Jerusalem," and one of the four towers which were to guard each corner of its quadrangular shape is now, or was lately, standing, and occupied, we believe, as a tavern. Stockport may be called a mere suburb of Manchester. It will probably be soon united to it by continuous lines of houses, and in its present condition looks like a portion of the cotton metropolis removed from, but languishing for, the rest. Here, as indeed in the whole of the cotton towns, the "low Irish" congregate in fever and filth-spreading colonies. In Manchester, they

principally inhabit a district, the very worst and most dilapidated in the town, curiously enough called "Angel Meadow;" and, indeed, all these northern towns have their Irish *quartiers*.

The Lancashire people contend, that it takes three generations before an Irish family will settle down to the steady labor of the mills. They are often tried, but as frequently, when the factory-bell rings, found wanting. These people, when located in England, seem to acquire a strange Bedouin taste for irregular wanderings. It is estimated that about two-thirds of them get a living by straying about the country in search of "jobs" of the coarsest labor, or by collecting rags for the dealers in that article; while the remainder eke out a scanty subsistence by cutting and forming into besoms the broom and ling from the heathy hills, which are never far distant from a Lancashire town. When not travelling, the Irish invariably herd together. The mill-hands never associate with them, and generally look upon them in the light of helots or pariahs; though, when an exception to the general run is found, he or she finds no difficulty in getting mill-employment, and the usual mill-society. Next to the Irish in social degradation are, probably, the few scattered cotton handloom-weavers, who still, more or less, by the help of the parish, manage to pursue their antiquated toil. None of these poor people can earn more than 5s. per week for the hardest and most unremitting work. They seem a meek and long-suffering race, acknowledging that the world has gone by them, but still obstinately refusing to follow in the track, and driving the weary shuttle disconsolately on, while steam drives scores of thousands at twenty times the speed.

Meantime the manufacturing world speeds bravely on around them. Lancashire, with all the minute differences between her towns to which we have alluded, works from one into the other so as to educe from each its necessary share in the whole scheme of production. There is no ill-natured rivalry or ruinous competition in the matter. A few good-humored nicknames are, indeed, applied. The people of Bolton, are "Bolton billys;" those of Oldham, "Oldham chaps;" those of Ashton, "Ashton fellows;" those of Liverpool (ironical honor), "Liverpool gentlemen;" but those of Manchester, "Manchester men." The true man of the Irwell, indeed, looks down with no small degree of good-humored and playful scorn on the true man of the Mersey. "He is my carrier, my messenger, my ocean-wagoner," he says. "He brings me my cotton, and he carries away my fabric. He fetches—I make." And he of the Cotton Metropolis feels for the moment the greater personage of the two.

And the great Manchester merchant is indeed a great man. To be a leading person on Manchester 'Change, your wealth must be colossal, and your judgment in matters of commercial politics profound. You must have the nicest finger for "feeling the pulse of the market," and you must watch with the most enlightened calculating power the political and mercantile fluctuations and movements all over the world—wherever the sale of a yard of calico is to be kept up, or wherever it is to be introduced. The perfect practical knowledge of the condition and prospects of some little known corner of the world, some small South American state, or some German province, sometimes displayed by these gentlemen, is marvellous, and convinces you at once of the enormous amount of real

information privately transmitted to Manchester—for the particulars you hear are neither to be found in newspapers nor books—and all for the purpose of spreading the sale of cotton. Almost the greatest achievement a Lancashire mill-owner can perform, is the opening up of a new market. This, as may be conceived, is now-a-days a very difficult task; but wandering emissaries, furnished with the best introductions, and animated by the most zealous enterprise, do occasionally manage to send their employers a mass of orders from some out-of-the-world locality, for which you would look in vain in the atlas.

The place to see the assembled industrial aristocracy of Manchester, is on the Exchange upon Tuesdays at noon. Then it is High 'Change. In the magnificent pillared hall move, almost like so many phantoms, a crowd of keen, anxious-looking men; portly, sixteen-stone personages, with rosy cheeks, but with none of the vacant, aldermanic look about them; sallow Yankees, tall and lank, with oddly-shaped hats, and particularly well got-up about the boots; bustling agents, full of civility, and eager to do a bargain; and sharp Exchange clerks, who come to represent their employers' houses. The taciturnity of the crowd at first strikes you. You hear no vacant gossiping, no laughing, no loud talking whatever; yet an electric stream of intelligence seems to pervade the whole assembly, and every one, by a look, a gesture, perhaps with a muttered word or two, appears to make himself fully understood. Now what does all the whispering, and nodding, and winking mean? Why don't they speak out? Why, because they are doing business—sounding each other, bargaining with each other, to an amount of money that would appear fabulous. Hundreds of thousands of pounds change hands in these broken words and unfinished sentences. A cotton-sale is soon effected. You may catch the words, "Brand," "*Et Mary Jane*," "Bales," "Three thousand pounds," "Eh!" "Yes," "Well—done;" and the agreement is concluded.

On 'Change, then, a Manchester merchant is a perfectly adjusted business-machine. Off it, he very frequently assumes the character of a courteous and accomplished gentleman, taking just as much interest in literature and art as many a whipper-snapper connoisseur who passes his life among books, marbles, and canvas. His house is indeed tolerably sure to be crowded with objects of art. Painters, sculptors, authors, musicians, know well that in no town in Britain do they find a readier or a more appreciative market for their productions than in Manchester. Taste of all kinds, indeed—not the mere fancies of the vulgar rich for pretty things, but taste based upon information and study—is more rapidly extending in the cotton city; and the aristocracy of wealth beneath the tall chimneys is becoming more thoroughly leavened with intelligence, and a cultivated perception of the beautiful in beautiful things, than is at all generally known or suspected.

As a general rule, the good understanding at present existing in Manchester between master and workmen is undoubted; and such institutions as the Great Public Library, inaugurated within the last few months, will go far to increase and solidify it. Not, indeed, but that there is brooding in many hearts, and seething in many brains, the terrible problem of how it chances that the masters make vast fortunes, and retire to splendid

villas and newly-purchased estates, while the carders, and the spinners, and the weavers—the perspiring foreheads and the working hands—generally close their career as poor as when they commenced it. In prosperous times, such querulous speculations evaporate in mere empty musings, or noisy specifications. But when a glut comes; when no smoke pours from the tall chimneys; when the engine is motionless and cold; when there are no Saturday wages; when the houses are stripped, and the pawnbrokers' cellars are full; when children are crying for bread, and groups of idle men gather thickly at the corners of the streets; then comes the time of excitement and of danger. Yet, in general, the people of Manchester bear hardship with wondrous and noble resignation. At certain epochs of distress, there have been outrages of a serious kind, but there is good reason to hope that no such unpleasant circumstances will again occur. Sounder views in political and social economy are making way. The work-people are beginning to see that no law prevents them from aspiring and attaining to the rank of capitalists themselves. There is no want of examples of the feat being performed; many of the Manchester mill-owners have been originally mill-hands; and, in the industrial career opened up to the producing regions of the north by our recent commercial revolution, it is to be hoped that the opportunity will be presented to many a young operative of rivaling the achievements of those who have gone before him, and of raising himself—through the agencies of industry, probity, and intelligence—from the frame and the loom to the counting-house and the Exchange.

ABD-EL-KADER.—And will nobody rescue Abd-el Kader? Will not his old, chivalrous champion have pity on him, and release him from his present condition? He was, assuredly, in a sad plight in the Château d'Amboise; but surely he has been in a more pitiable fix at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. It was bad enough to be captive to the broken faith of old Louis Philippe, gone to settle many accounts of that sort; but it is infinitely worse to the emir, more degrading to him, to sing the praises and kiss the hand of the forsworn tyrant who at this hour tramples on the French nation; the nation, we grant, exhibiting no great reluctance to be so footed.

"May you live as long as the sun!" cries Abd-el Kader, in all the latitude of Eastern hyperbole. "I give you this sword," answers the tadpole emperor, "and therefore I know you will never draw it against me; for did not the French give me their confidence, and did I misuse it?" "An oath is a solemn thing: it binds like bonds of steel!" cries the emir, without a smile upon his face. "It is—it does," makes answer Louis Napoleon, who does *not* thrust his tongue in his cheek. And thus the poor emir slavers the emperor that is to be—and the emperor rejoices in the operation. Again, we cry, will nobody release Abd-el-Kader? What, ho! A Londonderry to the rescue!—Punch.

BETTER trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Frances Anne Buller.

From Chambers' Journal.

AN APOLOGY FOR HUSBANDS.

WE do not use this word "apology" in its legitimate sense, as a defence or vindication; we are satisfied with the common meaning assigned to it—that is, an excuse or extenuation of an admitted offence. Husbands, as a general rule, are to blame, there is no doubt of that; only we think there are some small considerations which might be urged in their favor, not by way of exalting, but merely of letting them down easily.

The humane idea was long of occurring to us, for one gets so thoroughly accustomed to the condition of affairs in society, that everything seems natural and necessary, and passes on without exciting a thought. But a week or two ago, we had occasion to visit repeatedly a rather large and agreeable family without once chancing to meet with the Offender; and this had the effect of bringing him before our cogitations. Had he been present in the room, he would have passed as a natural and useful piece of furniture, and so have escaped all special survey; but being obstinately absent, we of course turned the bull's-eye of our mind upon him, and had him up.

With regard to the family present, it consisted of a wife, one or two children, one or two growing up and a couple of grown-up daughters. All these were busy, from dolls and A B Cs to dress-making and house-keeping. One of the daughters sang and played delightfully; another was an artist of considerable merit for an amateur; and both were adepts at needle-work. They boasted of making all but their best bonnets, and all but their ball-dresses. The mother was an excellent manager. Under her charge the business of the house went on like clock-work; everything was comfortable, everything agreeable, everything genteel. The boys were at school studying hard and successfully; one intending to be a merchant-prince, another to sit some day on the Woolsack, and the third to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Indeed, they were an exemplary family; and one day when we met the lady in the street, with her two grown-up daughters by her side, and the younger girls walking trippingly behind, all nicely dressed and happy-looking, it struck us that there was an expression of pride as well as pleasure in her face, and that she was inwardly, assuming to herself the merit of having made her own position. We did not grudge her the feeling, for her self-satisfaction had been earned; if some such inward reward did not attend good conduct, it would be all the worse for us in this world.

We had visited this happy family several times, when we began to inquire, while walking homeward in our usual meditative mood, what it was that held them together in so enviable a position. Their labors were all for themselves, for their own comfort, amusement, gentility, advancement. They purchased nothing else with all this outlay of time and money. There they were, with no object but that of passing the day, of enjoying life, of rising to some condition of still higher distinction or contentment. How did they find this possible? By what power were they sustained immovable in the shocks of social life, surrounded by all the cares and anxieties, and competitions and heart-burnings, and tear and wear, and hurry and scurry of the world! Here we caught with our mind's-eye the absentee, and immediately suspected that he was at the bottom of it! But it

was curious to think, that *he* should be the sun of this social system—that so many individuals should lean supinely upon one, without the slightest idea of mutual support. Yet so it was—and is. Society is composed throughout almost its whole consistence of such circles, each wheeling with more or less harmony, but still wheeling round a centre; and that centre is the Offender we have now up.

This individual, let us say, is unconscious of his own predicament. He knows he has a wife and children, a house and servants to provide for, and he does provide. That is all. He takes no merit to himself, and none is due. In supporting this Atlantean burden, he only does what others do. It is the rule. And so he bends his shoulders, and on he goes; sometimes stepping out like a giant, sometimes tottering, sometimes standing still to bemoan his fortune—not in having the load to bear, but in being unable to bear it well. If things go smoothly—if his children are well taught, if his dinner and his daughters are well dressed, if his house is tidy and genteel—why, then, if he is a praiseworthy person, he thanks God and his wife. If things go otherwise he grumbles at his hard fate, and makes himself as disagreeable as possible, or else trundles his canister like a stoic; but all this time, be it observed, in utter unconsciousness of his true position. He does not think it odd that he is travelling in his round of life with a tail after him like a comet. He does not think about it at all. He only knows that the thing exists, and must be borne. If he is able of his own strength to bear it handsomely, so much the better; but if not, he never speculates on the possibility of deriving comfort and support from what is naturally a burden, any more than the wife and children imagine that they are anything else than a tail, with nothing in the world to think of, or to do, but to stick fast to the body to which they chance to be attached, and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

And this last is the curious part of the story. The amiable family we have described talked of the individual we have laid hold of with the perfect knowledge that he was their Centre, but without the faintest consciousness that there was anything but the mechanical tie between them. They humored him when he was in good-humor, called him a dear, good, old papa, got his slippers ready, and drew in his chair to the hearth, for that made the room all the more cheerful for themselves; but when in bad-humor, they avoided or crossed him, wondering how anybody could look sulky at such a bright fireside, and suspecting him to be a man incapable of feeling interest in anything but his business, or his clerks, or his banker's book. Was not his wife to be pitied, after all she had done to make him happy and respectable? And was not this a sorry return to his daughters, for saving him a mint of money by making their own dresses? These excellent ladies had nothing to do with the stability of their Centre. The house might be on fire, but they were only lodgers. They had no interest in the Offender when he was out of their sight. They knew nothing of his crosses and losses, of his disappointments and vexations, of his faintness and weariness; they saw nothing but discontent on his wrinkling brow, nothing but approaching age in his whitening hair, nothing but ill-humor in his querulous voice, nothing but selfish apathy in his spiritless eye and sinking heart. They loved

the husband and the father when he was agreeable enough to be loved; but they had no sympathy with the struggling man.

This is the ground of our apology. That the husband is a bad fellow is only too clear, but we would suggest that there are extenuating circumstances. The world is a hard taskmaster, and he who strives with it must submit sometimes to the hard word and the hard blow. His brow cannot always be clear or his mind present. He cannot always be in the mood to feel the comfort he sees; and he will sometimes sit down even at a bright fireside, with bright faces round him, and feel as if he were in a desert. Is sympathy, dear ladies, only for the happy? Is not his business yours? Is it not politic as well as kind to protect from feeling the rubs of the world that intelligent and susceptible machine to which you owe your all? In low life, in middle life, in high life, however, the same curious arrangement prevails, hitherto, so far as we know, undescribed or misunderstood. Ebenezer Elliott felt it without knowing what it was. His *Poor Andrew* feels his heart grow faint, when on going home from his work he approaches his own door, behind which he knows there are living things, as silent to his bosom as the dead. He has one consolation, however; it lies in his dog and cat; and the poor soul, yearning for sympathy, is at his wits' end when he does not meet the welcome of these, his only true friends.

My cat and dog, when I come home,
Run out to welcome me—
She mewing, with her tail on end,
While wagging his comes he,
They listen for my homeward steps,
My smothered sob they hear,
When down my heart sinks, deathly down,
Because my home is near.
My heart grows faint when home I come—
May God the thought forgive!
If 't were not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.
Why come they not? They do not come
My breaking heart to meet!
A heavier darkness on me falls—
I cannot lift my feet.
O yes, they come!—they never fail
To listen for my sighs;
My poor heart brightens when it meets
The sunshine of their eyes.
Again they come to meet me—God!
Wilt thou the thought forgive?
If 't were not for my dog and cat,
I think I could not live.

The people's poet, we say, feels this without understanding it; for he attributes the want of sympathy to the want of knowledge—to the want of a power of response, on the part of the family, to the new ideas that are gushing up in the mind of the intelligent workman. Alas, Ebenezer! there is something in a case like this even better than knowledge. The most ignorant of all possible wives may do more, by a single look, to sustain and advance her husband, than the most acutely argumentative of all she-philosophers.

The French, as a nation, make a similar mistake. They are not so domestic as the English, and care less about that external comfort which commonly bounds the duties and ambition of an English wife. They run less risk, therefore, of taking the show for the substance, and see clearly enough that there ought to be some electrical rapport between the husband and his harem. The desideratum they consider to be a sympathy

of taste. The wife, they say, should comprehend and feel interested in her husband's pursuits; she should be able to talk to him intelligently of what has occupied him through the day—to plunge with him into business, or politics, or literature—and to advise with him on the circumstances of his position. What is this but repeating the lessons that have wearied him, the annoyances that have worried him, the labors that have sent him home jaded and spiritless, or dissatisfied and irritable? Nature herself shows the impropriety of this arrangement; for, in nine cases out of ten, when men and women are left to their own choice in marriage, they are attracted by antagonism rather than homogeneity, in at least the external points of the character, and even in personal appearance.

A similarity of taste is doubtless desirable, if on one side unobtrusive or undemonstrative; but what is really wanted is sympathy with the man—consideration for the Atlas who carries the household on his shoulders. We readily pardon the fretfulness of the sick; we consent without hesitation to tread lightly by the couch of pain; but who can tell what sickness of the heart, what torture of the head, may be indicated in that troubled look, that gloomy eye, that rigid lip, that thoughtful brow? Is it more than womanly to bear with a harsh word—to steal round the Offender with a noiseless step—to soothe him with a soft word or a loving look—to remember that to him his family owe their comfort and tranquillity—that he is like a rock, in the lee of which they recline in safety, while on its bald and whitened head break the thunder and the storm?

Yes; in his case there are extenuating circumstances. But let him beware that he does not plume himself upon them, instead of regarding them as merely something that would justify a humane judge in recommending him to mercy. Sympathy cannot long exist unanswered; and the action and response cannot take place but between minds that are in a state of rapport. We will take you, sir, as your own witness. Do you take care to place yourself habitually in this state with your family? If you do not enter into their feelings, do you expect them to enter into yours? Are you content to be defined as merely "the gentleman who draws cheques?" Or do you teach them that you are a little community of individuals, sifted together by God and nature for mutual solace and support, with one moral being, one interest, one love, one hope? Do not answer in a hurry. Think of it, dream of it, ponder over it. There—that will do. Stand down, sir.

THE WAR.

JONES VERY.

I saw a war, yet none the trumpet blew,
Nor in their hands the steel-wrought weapons bare,
And in that conflict armed, there fought but few,
And none that in the world's loud tumults share;
They fought against their wills—the stubborn foe
That mail-clad warriors left unsought within,
And wordy champions left unslain below—
The ravening wolf, though dressed in fleecy skin;
They fought for peace—not that the world can give,
Whose tongue proclaims the war its hands have
ceased,
And bids us as each other's neighbors live,
Ere haughty Self within us has deceased;
They fought for him whose kingdom must increase,
God will to men, on earth forever peace.

KATIE STEWART.

PART V.—CHAPTER XXVII.

"LORDIE, you're only a laddie. I wonder how you can daur to speak that way to me!"

"But it's true, for all that, Katie," said the young Earl of Kellie.

Katie Stewart is leaning against a great ash-tree, which just begins, in this bright April weather, to throw abroad its tardy leaves to the soft wind and the sun. A tear of anger is in Katie's blue eye, a blush of indignation on her cheek; for Lordie—Lordie, whom she remembers "a little tiny boy," who used to sit on her knee—has just been saying to her what the modest Sir Alexander never ventured to say, and has said it in extravagant language and very doubtful taste, as the most obstreperous Strephon might have said it; while Katie, desperately resentful, could almost cry for shame.

Before her stands the young lord, in the graceful dress of the time, with one of the beautiful cambrie cravats which Katie made about his neck, and the rich lace ends falling over "the open-stitch hem" of his shirt—Katie's workmanship too. A tall youth, scarcely yet resolved into a man, Lordie is, to tell the truth, slightly awkward, and swings about his length of limb by no means gracefully. Neither is his face in the least degree like Sir Alexander's face, but sallow and transitionist, like his form; and Lordie's voice is broken, and, remaining no longer a boy's voice, croaks with a strange discordance, which does not belong to manhood. The youth is in earnest, however; there can be no question of that.

"I'll be of age in three years, Katie."

"I'm eight-and-twenty, my Lord Kellie," said Katie, drawing herself up; "I'm John Stewart of the Milton's daughter, and troth-plighted to one William Morison, master of the Poole. Maybe you didna hear, or may have forgotten; and I'm Lady Anne's guest in Kellie, and have a right that no man should say uncivil words to me as far as its shadow falls."

"But, Katie, nobody's uncivil to you. Have you not known me all my life?"

"I've carried ye down this very road, Lordie," said Katie, with emphasis.

"Well, well; what of that?" said the young man, impatiently. "Katie, why can't you listen to me? I tell you—"

"If you tell me another word mair, I'll never enter Kellie Castle again, as lang as ye're within twenty mile," exclaimed the angry Katie.

"You'll be in a better humor next time," said the young lord, as, a little subdued, he turned away.

Katie stood by the ash-tree a long time, watching him; and after he was gone remained still, silently looking down the avenue. Ten years—ten weary years—have passed since Willie Morison was taken away; for little Katie Stewart, whom he left at the close of her eighteenth spring, has now seen eight-and-twenty summers; and to-morrow will complete the tenth twelvemonth since the cutter's boat stole into Anster harbor, and robbed the little town of her stoutest sons.

And Katie looks away to the west, and prays in her heart for the ending of the war, though sometimes, sickened with this weary flood of successive days, she believes what the village proph-

ets say, that these are the last times, and that the war will never end, or that the war will end without bringing safety to Willie; and the tears rise into her grave woman's eyes, and she puts up her hand to wipe them; for now they seldom come in floods, as the girl's tears did, but are bitterer, sadder drops than even those.

Ten years! but her eyes are undimmed, her cheek unfaded; and you could not guess by Katie Stewart's face that she had seen the light so long; only in her heart Katie feels an unnatural calmness which troubles her—a long stretch of patience, which seems to have benumbed her spirit—and she thinks she is growing old.

Poor, vain, boyish Lordie! He thinks she is ruminating on his words, as he sees her go slowly home; but his words have passed from her mind, with the momentary anger they occasioned; and Katie only sighs out the weariness which oppresses her heart. It does not overcome her often, but now and then it silently runs over; weary, very weary—wondering if these days and years will ever end; looking back to see them, gone like a dream; looking forward to the interminable array of them, which crowd upon her, all dim and inarticulate like the last, and thinking if she could only see an end—only an end!

Bauby Rodger stands under the window, in the west room, with a letter in her hand. You could almost fancy Bauby a common prying waiting-woman, she examines the superscription so curiously; but Bauby would scorn to glance within, were it in her power.

"Miss Katie, here's ane been wi' a letter to you," said Bauby, not without suspicion, as she delivered it into Katie's hand.

A ship-letter, but not addressed by Willie Morison; and Katie's fingers tremble as she breaks the seal. But it is Willie Morison's hand within.

"MY DEAR KATIE:—I am able to write very little—only a word, to tell you not to be feared if you hear that I'm killed; for I'm not killed just yet. There's a leg the doctor thinks he will need to have, and some more things ail me—fashionous things to cure; but I never can think that I've been so guarded this whole time, no to be brought home at last;—for God is aye kind, and so (now that I'm lamed and useless) is man. If I must die, blessings on you, Katie, for minding me; and we'll meet, yet, in a place that will be home, though not the home we thought of. But if I live, I'll get back—back to give you the refusing of a disabled man, and a lamiter. Katie, fare-ye-well; I think upon ye night and day, whether I live or die.

W. MORISON."

"Katie Stewart! my bairn! my lamb!" exclaimed Bauby, hastening to offer the support of her shoulder to the tottering figure, which sadly needed it; for the color had fled from Katie's very lips, and her eyes were blind with sickness. "What ails ye, my darlin'? What's happened, Miss Katie? O, the Lord send he binna killed!"

"He's no killed, Bauby," said Katie, hoarsely, "he's no killed; he says he's no killed; but no ane near him that cares for him; no ane within a thousand miles but what would make as muckle

of another man; and the hands of thae hard doctors on my puir Willie—my puir Willie! Oh, Bauby, Bauby! do ye think he's gane?"

"No, my lamb! he's no gane," cried Bauby gravely. "Do ye think the spirit that likit ye sae weel could have passed without a sign? and I've heard nae death-warning in this house since the earl departed. Ye may plead for him yet with the Ane that can save; and, oh! be thankful, my bairn, that ye needna to gang lang pilgrimages to a kirk or a temple, but can lift up your heart wherever ye be!"

And Bauby drew her favorite close to her breast, and covered the wan, tearful face with her great sheltering hand, while she too lifted up her heart—the kind, God-fearing, tender heart, which dwelt so strangely in this herculean frame.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It is a June day, but not a bright one, and Katie has left the coroneted gate of Kellie Castle, and takes the road downward to the Firth; for she is going to the Milton to see her mother.

Why she chooses to strike down at once to the sea, instead of keeping by the more peaceful way along the fields, we cannot tell, for the day is as boisterous as if it had been March instead of June; and as she gradually nears the coast, the wind, growing wilder and wilder, swells into a perfect hurricane; but it pleases Katie—for, restless with anxiety and fear, her mind cannot bear the summer quietness, and it calms her in some degree to see the storm.

For it is two months now since she received the letter which told her of Willie's wounds; and since, she has heard nothing of him—if he lives, or if he has died. It is strange how short the ten years look, to turn back on them now—shorter than these sunny weeks of May just past, which her fever of anxious thought has lengthened into ages. Poor Willie! she thinks of him as if they had parted yesterday—alone in the dark cabin or dreary hospital, tended by strange hands—by men's hands—with doctors (and they have a horror of surgery in these rural places, and think all operators barbarous) guiding him at their will; and Katie hurries along with a burning hectic on her cheek, as for the hundredth time she imagines the horrors of an operation—though it is very true that even her excited imagination falls far short of what was then, in too many cases, the truth.

And now the graceful antique spire of St. Monance shoots up across the troubled sky, and beyond it the Firth is plunging madly, dashing up wreaths of spray into the air, and roaring in upon the rocks with a long, angry swell, which in a calmer hour would have made Katie fear. But now it only excites her as she struggles in the face of the wind to the highway which runs along the coast, and having gained it pauses very near the village of St. Monance, to look out on the stormy sea.

At her right hand—its green enclosure, dotted with gravestones, projecting upon the jagged, bristling rocks, which now and then are visible, stretching far into the Firth, as the water sweeps back with the great force of its recoil—stands the old church of St. Monance. Few people hereabout know that this graceful old building—then falling into gradual decay—is at all finer than its neighbors in Pittenweem and Anstruther;—but that it is old, "awfu' auld," any fisher lad will tell you; and the little community firmly and devoutly be-

lieves that it was built by the Piets, and has withstood these fierce sea-breezes for more than a thousand years, though the minister says it was founded by the holy King David, that "sair saunet for the crown;"—a doctrine at which the elders shake their reverend heads, apprehending the King David to be of Judea, and not of Scotland. But though its graceful spire still rests upon the solid mason-work of the old times, at this period, while Katie stands before it, the rain drops in through the gray mouldering slates, and the little church is falling into decay.

Further on, over that great field of green corn, which the wind sweeps up and down in long rustling waves, you see ruined Newark projecting too upon the Firth; while down here, falling between two braes, like the proverbial sifter between two stools, lies the village.

A burn runs down between the braes, and somewhere, though you scarcely can see how, finds its way through these strangely scattered houses, and through the *chevaux-de-frise* of black rocks, into the sea. But at this present time, over these black rocks, the foaming waves dash high and wild, throwing the spray into the faces of lounging fishers at the cottage doors, and anon recede with a low growling rush, like some enraged lion stepping backward for the better spring. Out on the broad Firth the waves plunge and leap, each like a separate force; but it is not the mad waves these fishers gaze at, as they bend over the encircling rocks, and eagerly, with evident excitement, look forth upon the sea; neither is it the storm alone which tempts Katie Stewart down from the high-road to the village street, to join one of the groups gathered there, and while she shades her eyes with her hand—for now a strange yellow sunbeam flickers over the raging water—fixes her anxious gaze on one spot in the middle of the Firth, and makes her forget for the moment that she has either hope or fear which does not concern yonder speck upon the waves.

What is it? A far-off pinnacle, its gayly painted side heeling over into the water which yawns about it, till you feel that it is gulfed at last, and its struggle over. But not so; yonder it rises again, shooting up into the air, as you can think, through the spray and foam which surround it like a mist, till again the great wave turns, and the little mast which they have not yet been able to displace, as it seems, falls lower and lower, till it strikes over the water like a floating spar, and you can almost see the upturned keel. There are fishing-boats out at the mouth of the Firth, and many hearts among these watching-women quail and sink as they look upon the storm; but along the whole course of the water there is not one visible sail, and it is nothing less than madness to brave the wrestle of the elements in such a vessel as this. It engrosses all thoughts—all eyes.

"She canna win in—she's by the Elie now, and reach this she never will, if it binna by a miracle. Lord save us!—yonder she's gane!"

"Na, she's righted again," said a cool young fisherman, "and thae've gotten down that unchancy mast. They maun have stout hearts and skeely hands that work her; but it's for life, and that learns folk baith pith and lea. There!—but it's owre now."

"There's a providence on that boat," cried a woman; "twenty times I've seen the pented side turn owre like the fish out of the net. If they've won through frae Largo Bay to yonder, they'll

wine in yet; and the Lord send I kent our boats were safe in St. Andrews Bay."

"Oh, cummers! thinkna o' yoursels!" said an old woman in a widow's dress; "whakens whose son or whose man may be in that boat; and they have daylight to strive for themselves, and to see their peril in;—but my Jamie sank in the night wi' nane to take pity on him, or say a word o' supplication. Oh! thinkna o' yoursels! think o' them yonder that's fechtin' for their life, and help them wi' your heart afore Him that has the sea and the billows thereof in the hollow of His hand. The Lord have pity on them! and He hears the desolate suner than the blessed."

"Wha will they be—where will the pinnacle come from—and do ye think there's hope?" asked Katie Stewart.

"It was naething less than madness to venture into the Firth, in such a wind—if they werena out afore the gale came on," said a fisherman; "and as for hope, I would say there was nane, if I was out yonder mysel, and I've thought hope was owre fifty times this half-hour—but yonder's the sun glinting on a wet oar, though she's lying still on the side of yon muckle wave. I wadna undertake to say what a bauld heart and guid luck, and the help of Providence, winna come through."

And a bold heart and the help of Providence surely are there; for still—sometimes buried under the overlying mass of water which leaps and foams above her, and sometimes bounding on the buoyant mountain-head of some great wave, which seems to fling its encumbrance from it like the spray—the resolute boat makes visible progress; and at last the exclamations sink as there grows a yearning tenderness in the hearts of the lookers-on, to those who, in that long-protracted struggle, are fighting hand to hand with death;—and now, as the little vessel rises and steadies for a moment, some one utters an involuntary thanksgiving; and as again it falls, and the yellow sunbeam throws a sinister glimmer on its wet side, a low cry comes unconsciously from some heart—for the desperate danger brings out here, as always, the universal human kindred and brotherhood.

It is a strange scene. That cool young fisherman there has not long returned from the fishing-ground, and at his open door lie the lines, heavy with sea-weed and tangle, which he has just been clearing, and making ready for to-morrow's use. With his wide petticoat trousers, and great sea-boots still on, he leans against a high rock, over which sometimes there comes a wreath of spray, dashing about his handsome, weather-beaten face; while, with that great clasp-knife which he opens and closes perpetually, you see he has cut his hard hand in his excitement and agitation, and does not feel it, though the blood flows. His young wife sitting within the cottage door, as he did on the stone without, has been baiting, while her husband "redd" the lines; but she, too, stands there with not a thought but of the brave pinnacle struggling among yonder unchained lions. And there stands the widow with clasped hands, covering her eyes so long as she can resist the fascination which attracts all observation to that boat; while other fishermen edge the group, and a circle of anxious wives, unable to forget, even in the fate of this one, that "our boats" are at the mouth of the Firth, and that it is only a peradventure that they are sheltered in the bay, cluster together with unconscious cries of sympathy.

And Katie Stewart stands among them, fascin-

ated—unable to go on her way, and thinks that this concerns her not—with her eyes fixed on the laboring boat, her heart rising and falling as it sinks and rises, yet more with excitement than fear; for a strange confidence comes upon her as she marks how every strain, though it brings the stragglers within a hair's-breadth of destruction, brings them yet nearer the shore. For they do visibly near it; and now the widow prays aloud and turns away, and the young fisherman clenches his hands, and has all his brown fingers marked with blood from the cut which he can neither feel nor see; but near they come and nearer—through a hundred deaths.

"They'll be on the rocks—they'll perish within reach of our very hands!" cried Jamie Hugh, throwing down the knife and snatching up a coil of rope from a boat which lay near. The group of anxious watchers opened—the young wife laid a faint detaining grasp upon his arm—

"Jamie, mind yourself—for pity's sake dinna flee into danger this way!"

"Let me be—it is for pity's sake, Mary," said the young man; and in a moment he had threaded the narrow street, and, not alone, had hurried to the rescue.

An anxious half-hour passed, and then a shout from the black rocks yonder, under the churchyard, told that at last the imperilled men were saved—saved desperately, at the risk of more lives than their own; for there, impaled on the jagged edge of the rocks, lay the pretty pinnacle which had passed through such a storm.

And, with some reluctance, Katie Stewart turned and went upon her way. Strong natural curiosity, and the interest with which their peril had invested them, prompted her to linger and see who these desperate men were; but remembering that they could be nothing to her, and that the day was passing, and her mother expecting her, she turned her paled face to the wind, and went on.

She had gone far, and, still sometimes looking out mournfully upon the troubled Firth, had nearly reached the first straggling houses of Pittenweem, when steps behind her awakened some languid attention in her mind. She looked back—not with any positive interest, but with that sick apprehension of possibilities which anxious people have. Two men were following her on the road—one a blue-jacketed sailor, whose wooden leg resounded on the beaten path, lagging far behind the other; but she did not observe the other—for this man's lost limb reminded her of Willie's letter. If Willie should be thus!

"Katie!—Katie Stewart!"

Was it he, then?—was this maimed man he? Katie grasped her side with both hands instinctively to restrain the sick throbs of her heart.

"Katie, it's me!"

Not the disabled man—the other, with his whole manly strength as perfect as when he left home—with a bronzed face which she scarcely could recognize at first, a strong matured frame, an air of authority. Katie stood still, trembling, wondering; for Willie, the merchant captain, had no such presence as this naval officer. Could it be he?

"It's me, Katie—God be thanked—I've gotten ye again!"

But Katie could not speak;—she could only gasp, under her breath—

"Was't you—was't you?"

"It was me that was in the boat. What think ye I cared for the storm—me that had so much to hasten home for?—and there was little wind when we started. Well, dinna blame me the first minute; but do ye think I could have stayed away another hour?"

Poor Katie! she looked up into his face, and in a moment a host of apprehensions overpowered her. He had left her fresh and young—he found her, now out of her first youth, a sobered woman. The tears came into Katie's eyes—she shrank from him shyly, and trembled; for Willie Morison now, in the excitement of his joy, and in his fine naval dress and gold-banded cap, looked a grander gentleman than even Sir Alexander.

"Katie!—do ye no mind me, then? It's me—I tell ye, me—and will ye give me no welcome?"

"I scarcely ken ye, Willie," faltered Katie, looking at him wistfully; "for ye're no like what ye were when ye gaed away; and are ye—are ye—"

But Katie cannot ask if he is unchanged; so she turned her head away from him, and cried—not knowing whether it was a great joy or a great grief which had befallen her.

By and by, however, Willie finds comfort for her, and assurances; and the tears gradually dry up of themselves, and give her no further trouble; and then very proudly she takes his arm, and they proceed; very proudly—for the wooden-legged sailor has made up to them, they lingered so long where they met—and passes, touching his cap to his officer.

"We came in in a Leith brig," said Willie, "and they gave us the pinnacle to come ashore in, for I could not wait another day. So, now, we're hame; and, Katie, I didna think ye were so bonnie."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"You see Jamie Hugh and me were at the school together, mother," said the returned wanderer. "How he minded me I cannot tell, but when he saw the band on my cap, he asked if it was me. And I said—Ay, it was me; and he told me, half between a laugh and a greet, who had been watching me beside his door in the street of St. Monance—so I lost no time after that, ye may believe; but Katie, with her clever feet, was near Pittenweem before Davie and me made up to her. I saw this white sail on the road," said Willie, not very far removed himself from the mood of Jamie Hugh, as he took between his great fingers the corners of a muslin neckerchief which the wind had loosed from Katie's throat—"and the two of us gave chase, like those two loons of Frenchmen after our bonnie wee sloopie; but I caught ye, Katie—which was more than fell to the lot of Johnnie Crapaw."

"And, Willie, ye're hame again," said his mother, grasping his stout arms with her feeble, trembling hands. "Come here ane mair, and let me look at ye, my bonnie man. Eh, Willie, laddie, the Lord be thankit! for I never thoct to see this day."

The sailor turned away his head to conceal his emotion, but his tears fell heavy on his mother's hands.

"We've had a weary time—that puir lassie and me," continued the old woman; "and I think I bid to have dee'd whiles, Willie, if it hadna been for the strong yearning to see ye in the flesh ane

mair; and a' your wounds, my puir laddie—are ye weel—are ye a' healed noo?"

"I'm as stout as I ever was," said Willie, blithely—"I've cheated all the doctors, and the king to boot; for small discharge they would have given me, if I had been as work-like when I left the Poole."

"And ye're come to bide?" asked the mother again, as if to convince herself by iteration—"ye're come hame to bide, to marry Katie there, that's waited on you this ten lang years, and to lay my head in the grave?"

"Well, mother, I'm done with the service," answered the sailor—"I'll be away no longer after this than I must be to make my bread; and as for Katie, mother—"

But Katie shook her hand at him menacingly, in her old saucy fashion, and he ended with a laugh—a laugh which brought another tear upon his mother's hand.

"And what am I that this mercy's vouchsafed to me?" said the old woman; "what am I mair than Nanny Brunton, that lost her ae son in the French lugger run down by his ain ship; or Betty Horsbrugh that had twa bonnie lads—twa and no ane—drowned at the mouth of the Firth in the Lammas drave! But the Lord's been merciful aboon describing, to me and mine. Oh, bairns, if ye ever forget it!—if ye dinna take up my sang, and give Him thanks when I'm gane to my place, I'll no get rest in the very heavens—Such pity as a faither hath." But, bairns, bairns, I canna mind the words. I'll mind them a' yonder; for there's your faither been safe in the heavenly places this mony a year—and think ye the Lord gave him nae charge of Willie? 'Oh give ye thanks unto the Lord, for his grace faileth never.' And now gang away to your ain cracks, and let me be my lane till I make my thanksgiving."

By the time that Willie Morison arrived at his mother's door, his sailor companion, growing less steady of pace as he approached his journey's end, was making his way down the quiet street of West Anster, towards the shore. The wind had somewhat abated, but still the few fisher-boats which lay at the little pier rocked upon the water like shells. A row of cottages looked out upon the harbor—small, low houses, a but and a ben; for West Anster shore was a remote, inaccessible, semi-barbarous place, when compared with the metropolitan claims of its sister street in the eastern burgh. The sailor drew his cap over his brow, and was about to advance to one of these houses, distinguished by a wooden porch over the door, when he discovered some one seated on the stone seat by its side. The discovery arrested him. He stood still, watching her with singular agitation, shuffling his one foot on the causeway, winking his heavy eyelashes repeatedly, and pressing his hand on his breast as though to restrain the climbing sorrow which he could not subdue.

She is a young woman, some twenty years old, with a stout, handsome figure and comely face. A woollen petticoat of a bright tint—not red, for that is a dear, aristocratic color—contrasts prettily with the shortgown of blue-striped linen secured round her neat waist by that clean check apron. The collar of her shortgown, lined with white, is turned over round her neck, and the white lining of the sleeves is likewise turned up, just below the elbow, to give freedom to her active arms. Very nimble are her hands as they twist about the twine and thick bone needle with which they labor; for this

is a net which Peggie Steele is working, and she sings while she works, keeping time with her foot, and even sometimes making a flourish with her needle as she hooks it out and in, in harmony with the music. It is a kind of "fancy" work, uncouth though the fabric is—and a graceful work too, though delicate hands would not agree with it; but Peggie Steele's hands have labored for daily bread since she was a child, and the rough hemp is not disagreeable to her.

The fire is shining through the clear panes of the window behind her, and close by the door stands a wheel, on which some one has been spinning hemp; but just now the seat is vacant.

Blithely Peggie's song, unbroken by the wind—for the sea-wall striking out from the side of the cottage shelters her—rings along the silent shore; and the pretty brown hair on Peggie's cheek blows about a little, and the cheek itself glows with additional color—while the strange sailor, slowly advancing, winks again and again his heavy gray eyelids, and brushes his rough hand across his weatherbeaten face.

"Could ye tell me where ane David Steele lives, my woman? It used to be just by here," said the stranger at last, as Peggie's eye fell upon him.

"Eh, that's my faither!" said Peggie, starting; "he's been pressed and away in a man-o'-war since ever I mind; but if ye kent my faither we'll a' be blithe to see you. Will you no come in to the fire? my mother's out, but she'll be back i' the noo."

"I'll wait here a while—I'm in nae hurry. Gang on wi' your wark, my woman—I'll wait till your mother comes. And what's your name, lassie, and which of the bairns are ye?"

"I'm Peggie," said the young woman, with a blithe, good-humored smile—"I'm the auldest; and then there's Davie, that's bund to William Wood the joiner in the Elie—he's a muckle laddie; and Tam and Rob are at the schule."

"Ye'll no mind your father?" said the stranger, shuffling about his one foot, and again rubbing his sleeve over his face.

"But I do that! I mind him as weel as if I had seen him yesterday. The folk say I'm like him," said Peggie, with a slight blush and laugh, testifying that "the folk" said that bonnie Davie Steele's daughter had inherited his good looks; "and I mind that weary day the Traveller was stoppit in the Firth—and my mother threeps she saw my faither ta'en out into the boat; but wasna it a mercy when it was to be, and only ae lassie in the family, that I was the auldest?"

"Ye'll have been muckle help and comfort to your mother," said the sailor, still winking his heavy eyelashes, and fixing his eyes on the ground.

"Ye ken a lassie can turn her hand to mony a thing," said Peggie, as the net grew under her quick fingers. "There's the muckle laddies maun have schuling, and can do little for themselves, let alane ither folk; and I had got my schuling owre, for the mair mercy, for I was ten when my faither was pressed."

The man groaned and clenched his hands involuntarily.

"You're surely no weel," exclaimed the kindly Peggie. "Gang in by, and sit down by the fire, and I'll rin round to Sandy Mailin's for my mother. She's gane for some help she was needing. I'll be back this minute."

And with a foot as light as her heart, and

meeting the gust of wind at the corner, which tossed her hair about her cheeks, and made her apron stream behind her like a flag—with a burst of merry laughter, Peggie ran to bring her mother.

Left in charge of the cottage, the man went in, and drew a wooden stool to the fire. A kettle of potatoes hung on the crook over the little grate, just beginning to bubble and boil. On the deal table at the window stood an earthenware vessel, with a very little water at the bottom of it, filled with balls of twine; for the hemp which Peggie Rodger first spun she afterwards twisted into twine, of which the younger Peggie worked her nets. A wooden bed, shut in by a panel door, filled the whole end of the apartment—and very homely was the furniture of the rest; but the sailor looked round upon it with singular curiosity, continually applying his colored handkerchief to his cheeks. Poverty—honest, struggling, honorable, God-fearing poverty—for there lay the family Bible on a shelf within reach, with a cover preserving its boards, evidently in daily use—was written on every one of these homely interior arrangements. The stranger looked round them "with his heart at his mouth," as he said afterwards; but now he has to seat himself, and make a great effort to command his feelings, for steps are rapidly approaching.

"A man wi' a tree leg!—did ye never see him before, Peggie?—and what can he want wi' me!" said Peggie Rodger.

"He didna say he wanted you, mother—he asked for Daudid Steele; and looked a' the time as if he could have gritten at every word I said."

"Gude keep us! wha can he be?" said the mother.

She paused on the threshold to look at him. He had taken off his cap, and was turning such an agitated face towards her, that Peggie Rodger was half afraid.

"Ye dinna ken me, then?" exclaimed the stranger, pressing his handkerchief to his face, and bursting into a passion of tears—"ye dinna ken me, Peggie Rodger!"

"Eh, preserve me! Davie Steele, my man! I div ken ye, Gude be thankit. Eh, Davie, Davie—man, is this you?"

And the hard hands clasped each other, as none but hard, toilworn hands can grasp; and the husband and wife, with overflowing eyes, looked into each other's faces, while Peggie, reverent and silent, stood looking on behind.

"Gude forgie me, I'm greeting," said Peggie Rodger, as her tears fell upon their hands—"and what have I to do with tears this day? Eh, Davie, man, it's been a dreary ten year; but it's owre now, the Lord be thankit. Davie! Davie man! is't you?"

"Ye may ask that, Peggie," said her husband mournfully, looking down upon his wooden leg.

"Puir man! puir man! but were they guid to ye, Davie? And ye didna tell me about it in your letter; but it maybe was best no, for I would have broke my heart. But, Davie, I'm keeping ye a' to mysel, and look at wee Peggie there, waiting for a word frae her faither."

"And ye said ye minded me, lassie," said Davie Steel, as Peggie came forward to secure his hand. "Weel, ye minded me anither-like man. And ye've been a good bairn to your mother—blessings on ye for't; but ye were a wee white-headed thing the last time I saw ye, and kent about naething but play. Peggie, how in a' the

world has this bairn warstled up into the woman she is!"

"Weel, Davie, my man, I'll no say it hasna been a fecht," said the mother, sitting down close by him on another stool, and wiping the tears from her cheek, "for there's the laddies' schulin—and they're muckle growing laddies, blessings on them! but I would have broken down lang ago, baith body and spirit, if it hadna been for that bairn. However ill things were, Peggy aye saw a mercy when ilka ane was whingeing about her."

"And am I no the truest prophet?" said Peggy, with a radiant face. "Faither, ye may ca' me a witch when ye like, for I aye said ye would come hame."

"Blessings on ye baith! blessings on ye a'," said the sailor, brushing away his tears; "it's worth a lang trial to have such a hamecoming."

"And the 'taties is boiling," said Peggy Steele. "I'll rin east the taun when they're poured, mother, to John Lamb's, and get something to kitchen them better than that haddie; and there's the callants hame frae the schule."

CHAPTER XXX.

"Weel, Isabell, maybe it's right enough—I'll no say; but to be John Stewart's daughter, and only a sailor's wife—for he'll be naething but captain of a brig noo, though he was master of the Poole—Katie will have mair grandeur then ever I saw in ane like her. Twa silk gowns, no to speak of lace and cambric, and as mony braws as would set up a toum."

Mrs. Stewart was smoothing out affectionately with her hands the rich folds of Katie's wedding-gown. It was true the ruby-colored silk was still undimmed and unspotted—and silk was an expensive fabric in those days; but this one was blue, pale and delicate, and could by no possibility be mistaken for the other. It made a lustre in Katie's little room—its rich skirt displayed on the bed, its under petticoat spread over the chair in the window, and the pretty high-heeled shoes made of blue silk like the gown, with their sparkling buckles of "Bristo set in silver" illuminating the dark lid of Katie's chest. Mrs. Stewart pinched with pretended derision the lace of the stomacher, the delicate ruffles at the elbows, and shrugged her shoulders over the white silk petticoat. "Weel, weel! I never had but ae silk gown a' my days, and it's name the waur o' my wearing; but I'm sure I dinna ken what this world is coming to."

"Weel, mother, weel!" said the gentle Leddy Kilbrachmont, "if a silk gown mair to the piece of us was a' it was coming to, it would be nae ill; and Willie's no like a common shipmaster. With a' that lack of prize-money, and his grand character, he can do weel for baith himsel and her; and a master in a man-o'-war is no ane to be looked down upon; forbye that the gown is Lady Annie's present, mother, and she has a guid right to bask the bride. I was just gaun to speak about that. We were laying our heads thegither, the gudeman and me, to see if ye would consent to have it up-by at Kilbrachmont; for ye ken, mother, our ain minister that christened us a' has the best right to marry us—and it's no that far from Kellie but Lady Annie might come—and there's plenty women about the house to take a' the fash; and if ye were just willing, ye ken—"

"If she's owre grand to be married out of the Milton, she'll ne'er see me at her wedding," said Mrs. Stewart. "What's Katie, I would like to

ask ye, Isabell, that there's a' this fash about her! A wilful cuttie! with her silk gowns and her laces. How do ye think she's ever to fend wi' a man's wages? My certy, if she ends in as guid a house as her mother's, she'll hae little to complain o'!"

"Whisht noo, mother, whisht! ye ken it's no that," said Isabell, "but just it could be handy for a'boday—the minister and Lady Anne—and no muckle trouble to yourself; and you're awn us a day in harst, the gudeman and me—so I think ye canna refuse us, mother."

"Weel, lassie, gae way wi' ye, and fash me nae mair," said the yielding mother; "for I'm surr amang ye I have nae will o' my ain, nae mair than Janet's youngest bairn; and even it can skirl and gloom when it likes, and no ane daurs to pit it down, if it werena whiles me. I ance could guide mysel—ay, and mair than mysel—as weel as most folk; but now there's you to fleech me, and Janet to weary me out, and Katie to pit me that I never ken whether I'm wild at her or no. Gae way with ye, I say, and provoke me nae mair, for I'll thole nae mortal interfering wi' my huswifship, and sae I tell ye a'."

This latter part of Mrs. Stewart's speech was delivered as she descended the narrow stairs, followed by Isabell; and its concluding words were emphatically pronounced in hearing of the whole family at the kitchen door.

It was evening, and the miller had come in from his work, and set in his dusty coat, with his chair drawn a little out of its usual corner, snapping his fingers to Janet's child, which, crowing with all its might, and only restrained by the careless grasp which its mother held of its skirts, was struggling with its little mottle bare legs to reach its grandfather. Janet's head was turned away—Janet's tongue vigorously employed in a gossip with Robert Moulter's wife, who stood at the door, and she herself all unaware that her child was sprawling across the hearth with those little, stout, incapable legs, and that her mother's eye beheld a cinder—an indisputable red-hot cinder—falling within half an inch of the struggling feet of little Johnnie Morison.

"Do ye no see that bairn? Look, ye'll hae the creature's tae off in my very sight!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart—while the guilty Janet pulled back the little fellow with a jerk, and held him for a moment suspended by his short skirts before she plunged him down into her lap. "I needna speak to you, ye idle taupie—it's little you'll ever do for your bairns; but John Stewart, you that's been a faither for thretty year and mair—if folk could ever learn!"

The astonished miller has been looking on almost with complacence while the thunderbolt fell on Janet. Now, unexpectedly implicated himself, the good man scratched his head, and shrugged his shoulders—for self-defence was an unprofitable science in the Milton, and John never made any greater demonstration than when he sang—"Bell, my wife, she loes nae strife."

The gossip silently disappeared from the doorway, and Katie looked up from where she sat by the window. Katie's face was very bright, and the old shy look of girlish happiness had returned to it once more. It was impossible to believe, as one looked at this little figure, and saw the curls shining like gold on the soft cheek, that Willie Morison's bride was still anything but a girl; and it was as little Katie they all treated her;—she

was little Katie still in Kellie Castle—a kindly self-delusion which made it considerably more easy to suffer the very decided will with which Katie influenced the two households.

She was marking a quantity of linen with her own initials, and heaps of snowy damask napkins and tablecloths covered the deal table, among which were dispersed so many repetitions of the "K. S.," that Katie was troubled with her riches, and could almost have wished them all at the bottom of the mill burn.

"Weel, Gude be thankit! you're the last," said Mrs. Stewart; "a dizen sons would have been less fash than the three lasses of ye. I'm no meaning you, Isabell—and ye needna look up into my face that gait, Katie Stewart, as if I was doing you an injury; but how is 't possible to mortal woman to keep her patience, and trysted wi' a taupie like you!"

"Whisht, mother, whisht," said the peace-making Leddy Kilbrachmont.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"And Katie, Katie, you're going away to leave me, after all."

"It's no my blame, Lady Anne," said Katie, her eyes gleaming archly through their downcast lashes; "and I canna help it now."

"But you might have helped it, Katie Stewart; you might have written him a letter and kept him away, and lived all your life at Kellie with me."

And Lady Anne clasped her arms round Katie's waist, and pressed her forehead against the rich lace of that famous stomacher; for Katie was in her blue silk gown, and this was her bridal day.

"But he would have broken his heart," said Katie, the old habitudes, and, more than these, the impossibility of escape or delay impressing her with a momentary wish, a momentary pang—only to be free.

"You never mind *me*, Katie," said Lady Anne; "might *he* not have suffered as well as me?"

"And it would have broken mine too," said Katie, drooping her flushed face, and speaking so low that Lady Anne, closely as she clung to her, could scarcely hear.

"Oh, Katie!" Lady Anne unclasped her arms and looked into her favorite's face. Firmly stood the bride with her downcast eyes and burning cheeks—blushing, but not ashamed.

"No, Lady Anne, it's no my blame," repeated Katie Stewart.

"It's no like you, my lady—it's no like you to daunt the puir bairn, now that there's nae reimeid," said Bauby Rodger; "and ye'll can see her mony a time, Lady Anne;—whereas the puir lad, if he had bidden away—But what's the guid o' a' thae words, and him waiting down in the big room, Miss Katie, and you this morning a bride!"

They were in Leddy Kilbrachmont's chamber of state, where the gentle Isabell, with good taste, had left them alone, and where Bauby had just been giving the finishing touches to Katie's toilet. Mrs. Stewart, down stairs, was entertaining the assembled guests; and Janet, greatly indignant

at being shut out from this room, lingered on the stairs, and wandered in and out of the next apartment. But Isabell wisely and delicately kept watch, and the friends who, all her life, had lavished so much love on Katie Stewart, had her for this last hour to themselves.

"Betty sends you this," said Lady Anne, putting a pretty ring upon Katie's finger. "She said you were to wear it to-day for her sake. Oh, Katie, I almost wish we had not liked you so well!"

"Is Katie ready?" whispered Isabell at the door. "Come, like a good bairn, for everybody's waiting, and the minister's down the stair."

And Isabell drew her trembling sister's arm within her own, and led her into the next room to exhibit her to an assembled group of waiting maidens.

"My lady, it's no like you," repeated Bauby; "ye'll hae her greeting before the very minister. Puir thing, she'll no have the common lot if she hasna sairer cause for tears before lang, and her gaun away like a lamb to be marriet; but for pity's sake, Lady Anne, let her get owre this day."

"I mind always how dreary we'll be without her, Bauby," sighed Lady Anne, forgetting her usual dignity.

"Weel, ye'll get her back when her man gangs to the sea—ye'll see her as often as you like. For Katie Stewart's sake, Lady Anne—"

Lady Anne drew herself up, wiped her pale cheek, said, "You forget your place, Bauby," and was composed and herself again.

And in a very little time it was over. Katie Stewart went forth—like a lamb adorned for the sacrifice, as Bauby said—and was married.

"He's a very decent lad," said Bauby, shaking her head; "and there's guid men as weel as ill men in this world, though it disna aye turn out best that promises fairest. The Lord keep my darling bairn, and make her a guid wife and a content ane; for if ill came to ae gowd hair of her, I could find it in my heart to strike him down at my foot that had clouded my lamb. Weel, weel, he's a decent lad, and likes her—as wha could forbear liking her!—sae I'll keep up my heart."

And Bauby was wise; for Captain William Morison was that splendid exception to her general rule—a good man—and his wife was content. A long path it was they had to travel together, full of the usual vicissitudes—the common lot; but, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," the years surprised them on their way, and led them into age. But though the golden hair grew white on Katie Stewart's head, the love which had brightened her youth forsook her never; and Lady Anne Erskine, in the last of her prolonged, calm days, still clung in her heart to her childish choice—which no other tie had ever displaced, no other tenderness made her forget—and when she could remember little else, remembered this, and left her love behind her like a jewel of especial value, to the friends who remained when she was gone. For all this crowd of years had not disenchanted the eyes, nor chilled the child's heart, which gave its generous admiration long ago to little Katie Stewart, playing with her threaded gowans on the burnside at Kellie Mill.

From Household Words.

PEATAL AGGRESSION.

ONCE upon a time, no one can say how long ago, there were, if wise men say true, broad, shining lakes and smaller ponds in the middle of Ireland, where now there are no such lakes at all. The middle of Ireland is a mass of limestone, with heights and hollows, which vary its surface in all manner of ways, from sea to sea; from the Irish Channel to the Atlantic. How this stone foundation is covered now, we may see by and by. Let us first look at it under its ancient aspect, as far as our very scanty knowledge enables us to do so.

First—some thousands of years ago—we see, from such a point of view as Kildare, ridge behind ridge of hills retiring to the north-west; and on these hills, thick forests of oaks, beeches, elms, ash, and fir. These woods are terrible places for wolves. In the vales there are fresh green pastures lying between the lakes and ponds; and here cattle are seen grazing by day, and swine come out from the woods at evening, to pass the night near the dwellings of men. These dwellings are a sort of box, open at one side. They are made of oak logs or thick planks; with the roof flat, and a sort of shelf laid all through the middle, dividing the house of nine feet high into two rooms, each four feet high. Nothing being known of nails as yet, grooves and holes are made with a stone chisel; and the pieces of wood are fitted together, so as to make a strong box of twelve feet square, where the people may sleep, and find shelter in bad weather. It is not a place for cooking; and that is the reason why we see a little path, paved with stones, leading away from the dwelling to some place behind, where a smoke is rising from the ground. This place is the family hearthstone, made of freestone slabs, nicely laid. There are logs of wood burning; and in the ashes are roasting, if we are not mistaken, acorns, and chestnuts, and roots. And what a quantity of nutshells one may see scattered about! It is late autumn, and the people are in a hurry, evidently, to get on with that strange work that they are doing in the middle of the water. What are they about, those strange little men, with their very small heads, and their dress of skins of beasts merely strapped about them, and their mallets—mere stones, with a wooden handle run through any accidental hole! Look at those two getting into their boat. Can one call it a boat—a mere skin stretched over a frame! Off they drift, like a couple of witches in a sieve. And what for? Are they beavers making a dam? They are driving in stockades, and plastering them with mud. They are certainly making an island: and there is a second artificial island! and far away, in the middle of that river to the north, there is a third. When they have made their circle of piles, they bale out the water and put in stones, and wood, and earth, till they have an island high and dry. Very odd! when they have hills and green pastures ready made to their hands! Winter is coming, and they are afraid of the wolves by night, and, perhaps, of foes by day. See how they settle themselves, huddled together on the island, with their boats hung up to dry on the stockades!

What now? Music! A procession! It is either a wedding, or a royal feast, or something of that kind. What a glittering of gold! Look

at the diadems of gold, and the curious round plates as large as the palms of my hands, fitting close to the cheek-bones. It is a becoming head-dress, is it not? And so is the circle—like a twisted cord—of gold round the men's heads, and round their waists. Those ornaments, like cymbals, hung round their necks, and the heavy finger-rings of the same shape, and the neck-plates are all very well to show how much gold people can hang about them; but they are not very pretty. But you see these people have got hold of at least one metal. Of more than one! True! That man has a sword—a bronze sword—just like the old Greek. Their bronze will not bear an edge that will split or saw wood, I suppose; but it may give a very ugly thrust in a hand-to-hand fight. Has that little child got one? He seems to be flourishing a sword about. No; it is only a toy—a wooden sword; but it is just like the bronze one, at this distance. Now, they are going to feast. There are the roasted animals steaming away! To think that the smell should be wafted to our nostrils across this great space of centuries! What a pity they have no salt, though! They do not seem to miss it. They might find some, not so very far off, if they had any longing for it. Hark! how the wild beasts howl from the forest, as the scent of the feast is borne on the evening breeze, and the fires from the islands shine broad and red over the surface of the waters. See by that light how the revellers are making a clearance, throwing the bones and refuse into the water over the stockade. That is one convenience to be sure, of living on an artificial island. But I should be afraid that something useful—tools, arms, utensils, even people—would slip over now and then, and go to the bottom.

Look at that long string of wild fowl winging their way to the south, showing clear against the last red light of the western sky. Listen to the bustle of the wild swans in the sedge creeks of the lake. Is that the raven's night cry, ringing hard, as from a solid firmament? Peep into the covert, and see what is doing there. Here are deer crouched down in the withering fern. I wonder they can sleep, with foes so near. What shakes the ground, as with the tread of Goliath! It is not a giant, with a pine-tree for his staff, that is coming from between the hills, but, as it were, a branching oak moving towards the water! Heaven and earth! What a creature! The elk of fable, beside which the cattle show like dogs, and the young fawns like mice. As it bends to the brink, what a shadow it casts far into the lake; and how the fishing-boats draw off to the further shore! Something humbler is it that you want me to see—something very small and mean! Is it the snake under the fallen leaves, or . . . It is under the water you say. Is it the salmon, come up from the sea, lurking in its sandy cove under the shadow of the bank! Is it . . . Nothing of that kind, you say, but a very small thing with a very small movement, which is destined to outlast and to bury all the living creatures we have seen, with their posterity, and even these oaks of a thousand years, rooted firm in the everlasting hills. And what is this very small thing? That little moss!—that tiny plant which the child with the wooden sword could pluck up with his finger and thumb! O yes; we will watch it;—for two or three thousand years, if you please.

Small and silent as it is, I see it does grow and work diligently. Here is where it began—here,

where this water-hen's nest stopped the flow of this little drip into the cove. Here sprang the moss; and see how its filaments are now spread among all the vegetation on the bank, and how it is stealing out all along the margin of the lake, even covering its bottom for some way in. Already it intercepts and soaks up the smaller tributaries that feed the lake. Already it holds, as in a sponge, the water of the lake itself. By absorbing its supplies, and at the same time encroaching upon its bed, it is actually starving the lake. See, in half a century, it is perceptibly smaller; and, instead of the sandy and pebbly beach, which was so pretty and convenient, there is now a margin of wet sponge, which it is not easy to cross. There is a natural bridge—that fallen tree; it was the little moss that gave us that bridge. That yew stood firm, a few years since. The soaking of the sour water about its roots loosened them, and down it came by its own weight. Yes—you promised me that the moss should bury everything; and I see that it is creeping about the fallen yew—growing up among its branches. At the rate of an inch and a half a year, is it growing! Then the poor yew will be soon covered up—away from human sight forever. Not so? Are we to see it again! Well, time will show. But I see no oaks down, as you promised. Their turn is by and by, is it! Ay, I see that they are rooted differently from the firs and other inferior trees; they stand rooted each in its own hillock of gravel and firm soil; they may resist the moss for a good while.

But what is to become of this whole district, if the moss goes on unchecked! It is higher now than the surface of the lake. It is rising in the middle, and sending back the waters where there is no channel for them; so that they soak and loosen the soil far and wide. The cushion is climbing the stockade, and will quite cover the island soon: and nobody will resist this, for the place has long been deserted—there being no approach to it now but over a shaking bog, which is neither land nor water. The live cushion is creeping over the green sward where the cattle used to graze. Some of those strange old cattle, unwilling to give up their pasture, venture to pick their meals there still. There! there goes one poor animal, down to death! She was deceived by the greenness of that knoll, and, committing her weight to it, down she went—the deeper, the more she struggled in the slough, till the black mud closed over her horns. I am certain I saw that heavy oak shake. See! down it goes, with a snap and a crash, and a plunging sound as it buries itself in the wet moss. Its roots are still firm, you see: it was the trunk that snapped, and now it lies along on its bed of sponge, ten feet thick. Now that one has gone, more will quickly follow. I see now how the little moss may lay low, and bury the mighty forest.

What now! What is all this! The little moss grows very greedy and impatient. What a slide there was! Half an acre of parasitic soil pushing on over what was once the track of the royal boats; and from the cracks and chasms a bubbling up of hideous black mud, rolling on and actually surrounding that old house that we saw building. The bog had long ago begun to grow up about it, but now it is to be buried in this pitchy stream of decayed vegetation. See how the mud fills up the house, and how it flows on to the hearthstone, and covers up everything, leaving only a level black

surface, on which vegetation will soon again sprout and spread.

A century passes away, and the house is covered deep; and the oak is hidden, both the scraggy root and the fallen trunk. The mossy surface is strong enough now to bear the tread of small animals; and some one of them has dropped an acorn in a favorable spot, where it sprouts and grows; so that an oak strikes root on a level considerably higher than the old one, even directly over it. There is a new layer of firs, and more are tumbled down from their places on the hills. There is a new race of people in the land, who do not suspect that there was ever a lake occupying the space usurped by the ambitious and devouring moss. These people wear steel arms and curious dresses, and have come from abroad; and those unaccountable round towers which appear here and there must, one would think, have been built by them. Then comes in another race, with iron armor and utensils, and new wars and ways. How generation after generation, race after race, comes to the edge of the moss, and tries to set foot on it, and draws back, because it is a treacherous slough! And how they pursue their enemies to the shelter of the forest, and slay them and the wolves together! And how, when this is found dangerous and troublesome, they fell whole acres of the woodland, to destroy the harborage of man and beast; and the moss grows and spreads, and rises all the while, to receive whatever falls from the hills, and swallow up all that lies at their base! Ah! there is to be a new prey for the cruel moss in consequence of this felling of the woodland. Fugitives, outlaws, rebels, must have a place of refuge. The limestone hills are laid bare, and a rough grass, which affords no shelter, is soon the only covering of the ridges. See how the hunted fugitives learn by necessity to walk where wolf and wild-cat would not venture! First, they shoe themselves with light boards, or plates of wicker-work, and go fearfully into the swamp; but soon they learn how to pick their way from clump to clump of moss and heath, and can go best bare-foot. They find out dry spots where they can hide their heads and kindle a sod to warm themselves, secure from being followed by armed men, whose weight would sink them. One has ventured, and presently sunk, stifled in black mud: there sticks his body, without further burial. Another has tried, and perished at once—drowned in dark-brown water. Day by day, for scores of years, must their bones dissolve in the juices of the bog—the skull melting and evaporating, and the brain and muscle shrivelling up, and the skin turning to leather in this natural tanpit. The antique cattle are lying far below, the modern men near the surface—the hazel with its nuts, the oak with its acorns, the yews and firs in successive layers, all tanning together in this mighty tanpit of four thousand acres, without break.

And what is to be the end of it! Is the moss to go on growing, till it has swallowed up all Ireland! Oh no; for a wall is enough to stop its growth; and there are strong rivers to stop it in more directions than one. This bog will not out-grow its four thousand acres; and, indeed, if that space does not satisfy the ambition of the little moss, it is hard to say what would. The change is sad and dreary enough. Instead of forests, we see hills, carpeted, it is true, with oats and grass, but without a single tree. We see, instead of gleaming lakes and bright alluvions between, a

'dingy, brown expanse, tufted with hillocks, and . . . But what is this! What are these people doing!

What are they doing? They are visiting the little moss with retribution. It is very late, after thousands of years; but the hour of retribution has come at last. There are plenty of people engaged in undoing the work of so many ages, and beginning a new era on this spot which has seen so many changes. Which corner shall we look at first?

Here are men probing the bog, to find a good place to dig in on their own account. They trench deep; and, having pared away the loose fibrous sponge near the top, find beneath a brown peat, which they know will be worth digging out. But below that again is a black peat of a closer grain; and this goes down and down, blacker and denser with every foot, from having borne the weight of more centuries, and the pressure of a thicker overgrowth. Into the trench dribbles and drips the black water which has been imprisoned so long—too far below the sunshine to be evaporated, and too far away from any natural channel to flow down into any stream. It is hardly like water now—salt, astringent, and spirituous; but it will still reflect the blue sky from its surface, and it can run away down hill, as fast as ever. As it dribbles out and runs away, the banks of the trench sink, and the soil becomes more compact. The poor come to slice the peat away, and cut it into oblong pieces like bricks, and set the pieces on end in little groups to dry; and when they are dry, pack them into a sort of large hamper, which is fastened on a truck drawn by an ass or pony—the whole being dignified with the name of a car. There goes the train of cars along the road—the burial procession of the little moss, which is being carried to its funeral pile.

What is that group of buildings at the edge of the bog—the tall chimney—the brick houses—the curious range of metal pipes, dripping and splashing with water—and the yards, with sheds, and tubs of black liquor, and spirituous and pungent smells hanging all about, and men, bearded and begrimed, flitting about the place?

Why, this is the very centre of retribution, whence vengeance goes forth against the usurping moss. This is the head-quarters of those who have pledged themselves to the utter annihilation of the destroyer. These are the premises of the Irish Peat Company, of whose enterprise we have given some account before. They undertake so to deal with the peat moss as that it shall be utterly decomposed, and every part turned to use. They have taken in hand five hundred acres of this bog; and there, scattered as far as one can see, are one hundred laborers—men, women, and children. The trenches are so wide and deep as to be like little canals. The depth is already fourteen feet; and it is understood that it is to go down to thirty-two feet. To the eye, the mass of peat appears inexhaustible. There are the men, barelegged in the trenches, slicing the vegetable earth, and throwing it up, to be caught by the "catchers" above, who, for sixpence a day, receive and deliver the sods. There are the women who, for sixpence a day, place or set up the sods, and turn them to dry. There is something picturesque in the wild scene; the brown waste in clear contrast with the blue hills; the lines and patches of sunlight, catching a bunch of yellow weeds or purple heather here—a little pool there—a group of

women or of diggers elsewhere. These people say that it was quite another sight last February, when the scene was wrapped in flame. They say it was a frightful sight; but it must have been, as a mere spectacle, very grand. A man had carried out a live sod into the bog with him, to light his pipe. It was far away from the company's land; but fire observes no boundaries. The man piled up his little heap of fuel about his sod, and blew up the spark. It was a windy day; and the heap burst into flame, and the flame burst away to seize upon anything that would burn. The spikes of fire shot up the slopes of the turf stacks of the company. The stacks (called clumps) were burned from the top downwards—no less than sixty-eight of them. The flame went leaping, running, and dancing towards the buildings, and threatened to devour them; but they were saved. It was the river that stopped the mischief at last, and not till six hundred pounds' worth of damage had been done. This was a great blow to the company; though no triumph to the little moss. Fewer people have been employed since; the tone of the establishment is relaxed, and its spirits are lowered. But its demolition of the works of the little moss is as thorough as ever, within the scope of its operations. There is the great furnace, into which air is perpetually blown by the steam-engine. If we peep within certain slits in the furnace-door, we see the gases alight, fuming and dancing—blue and yellow—keeping everything within reach at a mighty heat. Elsewhere there is the tar, oozing hither and thither; and the oils in casks, scenting the air; and the paraffine, of which candles are to be made, but which now is seen in the form of yellow waxy cakes, blistered and unshapen, and lying between oily woollens. It has had some of its oil pressed out: but it is to be steamed and bleached, and squeezed in the hydraulic press, before it is fit to make such candles as those which were lighted, as a specimen, on the table of the House of Commons. And there lies a lump of salt—salt got out of the vegetable decay of the spot where the ancient inhabitants ate their food without salt. There is not much in this salt, however, that would give a relish to food. It is worse than the flakes that whiten the shores of the Dead Sea. The minutest grain poisons the palate and throat for many hours. And there is a great heap of slag—the black, light, shining refuse of the small part of the peat that is actually burnt. Here is the little moss so treated as to come out, for human use, in the forms of sperm, oils, salt, spirit, and gases. This is being used up, with a vengeance.

The work, however, seems not to be carried on with altogether so much activity as the little moss used in building up its vast structure. It is said on the spot that all the declarations of the chemists have been made good; that the most sanguine anticipations have been proved reasonable; and there is talk of building more furnaces, which will employ more men; of employing forty or fifty men upon the Works (exclusive of the peat digging) instead of the fifteen who are at work there now. We hope that all this may prove soberly and accurately true; and that the success of this one only establishment of the Irish Peat Company may lead to the opening of others, and to the employment of plenty of Irish labor, and the creation of plenty of Irish wealth. But, at present, the impression on the mind of a visitor is not encouraging. The few people employed look as if they

did not know what hearty work was. It appears that little or nothing of the matter is known in Ireland, and that the products are not sold in Dublin, but all go to London. It seems strange that there should be only one languid establishment among the three millions (nearly) of acres of Irish bog, if the bog itself be such a mine of wealth as the first estimates of this process led us to expect. Time will prove the facts. The furnaces once set up, and the products once in the market, the case is fairly on its trial, and must establish its own merits. It has everybody's good-will meanwhile.

What is doing in that far corner of the bog, quite out of sight of the Peat Works? A man digging for fuel is carefully extracting sundry logs of wood. The scraggy roots and lighter branches he puts aside to dry; they are fir, and their fate is to be burnt, as people burn cannon coal in England for the sake of the cheerful blaze in the autumn evenings. Why are the digger and his wife covering up so carefully those blocks of black wood? They are oak, those blocks, and worthy of so careful and gradual a drying as will prevent their splitting. If they split and crack, they will be good for nothing but the fire; if carefully and successfully dried, they will sell at a good price to the carvers. So yonder log is covered with damp sods; and the wife will come pretty often and look to it—turning it, and shading it, and, at last, sunning it, till it is absolutely dry, and so tough that it will not splinter under any treatment. And then it will go into the bare garret in Dublin, and some of it into the comfortable prison where the reckless artist who can make his two guineas a day is confined for debt. In such places, breathed upon by many sighs, will this Irish ebony be carved, and perforated, and beautifully wrought into forms of the extinct Irish wolf-dog, and the national oak, and shamrock, and round tower, and harp, and whatever is Irish. Beautiful ink-stands, and paper-knives, and snuff-boxes, and little trays come out of those long-drowned oak logs; and they are of an everlasting wear. A great number of wood-carvers make from ten shillings to two guineas a day as their share of the profits from the destruction of the fabric of the little moss.

But what now? See the people running from far and near, and clustering round the ditch in the bog! On they come, in a sort of huddled procession, carrying something. A mummy! actually a mummy! but not swathed like those of Egypt, nor embalmed, except in the primitive antiseptics of the place. He is clad in the skin of a beast, and has a sort of sandal on his feet. He is a man of an ancient race. But we must not judge of the stature of his race by his. He is almost as light as a doll, and as small as a child of ten years old. Well he may be, for his bones were all gone, centuries ago—dissolved in the juices of the bog. His head is just as hard as the rest of him. He is a piece of stiff leather, through and through, from his wasted foot to his shrunk crown. He was one of the first persons murdered by the little moss—probably as he was coming home to his hearthstone from fishing in the narrowing lake, or hunting on the wooded hills. His lot is now to be made a show of in a Dublin museum; and there, alas! to have his leather limbs filched, bit by bit, by persons who believe mummy to be a fine cure for the falling sickness; till at length, to preserve any remains of this antique citizen, he is locked up carefully under the charge of learned men.

This is not the last of the treasures which the moss is compelled to yield up—not by many. Again and again, the surveyors and their men, who are exploring the land and deepening the rivers, gather about some new mystery or marvel. What is this brown floor on which the spades strike, at a depth of twenty feet from where the surveyor is looking down? The surveyor scrambles down to see. The edge of the floor is found, and they dig down nine feet further, declaring that they have found a cupboard twelve feet square. It is the old house, to be sure, that stood so prettily upon the green. They are finding the paved pathway to the hearthstone, and now the hearthstone; and now they are picking up the charred nuts that were gathered to be eaten thousands of years ago. Instead of being eaten, the destiny of those nuts was to lie in tan for tens of centuries, and then to lie on the shelves of a cabinet for successive generations to wonder at. Something more touching than that is going on at some distance. What can be a more transitory affair than a child's toy? We talk of childhood itself as transient, gone while we are admiring it; and its toys are childhood's experience of transience. Yet here is the toy—the wooden sword—that was wielded by a little hand hundreds of generations back. That hand, probably hardened in war and the chase, was dissolved ages ago; and here is the wooden sword, brown, polished, entire, singular in its antique shape, and mysterious as to a certain knob upon it, but otherwise fit to be made a toy again. No child is to have it, however. It has become a grave affair by lapse of time, and it is to lie among the treasures of the Royal Irish Academy for the consideration of the learned. Truly, here the great and the small have lain down together. The mock sword lay lightly, as if put down upon a cushion. Here is something so firmly bedded in, that it seems to be rooted in the rock below. Here are bones, but they are like gnarled limbs of a great tree. It takes a dozen men, with ropes and strong arms, to move the mass. Then up it comes—an awful head of an unknown beast. Can it be the head of a beast? Feel for the spine; dig down along the expanse of shoulder, and the depth of limb. It is the skeleton of an animal. When a naturalist sees a bone or two, he pronounces it an extinct elk; and when it is set up, men gaze up from below, and walk between its legs, and talk wonderingly of the days when the earth contained such gigantic creatures as these. The sea has them still; and in far climes there is the elephant; but that little Ireland should have been trodden by these hoofs—how eloquent it makes our philosophers about the olden time, when the elk came to drink at the margin of our lakes!

At different stages of the cuttings, the woods reveal themselves—some growing (as may be calculated) a hundred years under the roots of others. The compactness of the lowest soil may be judged of by this. In this compact soil lies a stem, its wood of the closest grain. It is the yew that we saw fall one of the first victims of the moss. Where is it last seen in the block? In a garret, where a young artist lays it across his bench, and saws a slice off it laboriously, and indents it with his chisel to show a stranger from over the sea how fine is the chocolate-colored grain, and how well-tempered are the tools required to carve such a rare piece of ancient yew.

If the natural lake and woods have been absorbed and devoured, it is no wonder that the artificial

islands are dissolved. The stream is to flow here again, and the people are deepening the channel. In doing so, they come upon a curious variety of old treasures, scattered abroad. The more modern iron and steel weapons have been found on a higher level—such as were light enough to be borne up by the little moss. The heavier ones, and the most ancient bronze weapons, are found the last—sunk in the soil under the bog. Around are picked up bones—the bones of the cattle and game eaten at the ancient feasts; and skins which may have covered boats, or served as clothing. Last of all—down in the sand, half buried in the clay, there is a shining of gold. Those old ornaments are there, once more glancing to the sun now that it is too late ever to know what was the race that wore them, and why they were shaped and worn as they were. Here are the cheek-plates, and the diadems, and the gorgets, and the heavy cymbals, and the strange rings, and the twisted coronals and belts. Here they are! and when they too are locked up in a metropolitan museum, we may consider the little moss pulled up by the roots, and visited with its full retribution.

The long series of ages is past; the valleys have been filled up with sponge, four thousand acres large; and they are in course of being cleaned out again. What then? Will the lakes and ponds be brought back, and the woods made to spring afresh upon the hills? Will all things be as they were before, except the men who live there? No: such a restoration as that is a thing that never happens. We should like to see some woods in the hollows, and on the ridges; but there are none planted yet. Where the lake was, the soil is ploughed up, and drained, and fertilized; and the valley will in time be smiling with waving corn and green pastures. Where there were fish, there will be flocks. Where there were perishable islands, there will be human dwellings. Where there was the howling of wolves, there is already the lowing of herds. Where there were murderous conflicts with barbaric swords, there will be reaping and binding by men armed with nothing worse than the peaceful sickle. So we may hope it will be in the end; but there are hundreds of acres of desolation to clear away first. It is only in prospect and in purpose that we have yet plucked up the little moss by the roots.

CAVENDISH, THE PHILOSOPHER.—The *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, in a notice of Dr. Wilson's *Life of Cavendish, the Philosopher*, gives us, in an extract from the book, the following ingenious analysis of the character of Cavendish:—Morally it was a blank, and can be described only by a series of negations. He did not love, he did not hate; he did not hope, he did not fear; he did not worship as others do; he separated himself from his fellow-men, and apparently from God. There was nothing earnest, enthusiastic, heroic, or chivalrous in his nature, and as little was there anything mean, grovelling or ignoble. He was almost passionless. All that needed for its apprehension more than the pure intellect, or required the exercise of fancy, imagination, affection, or faith, was distasteful to Cavendish. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderfully acute eyes observing, and a pair of very skillful hands experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials. His brain seems to have been but a calculating engine; his eyes inlets of vision, not fountains of tears; his hands instruments of manipulation, which never

trembled with emotion, or were clasped together in adoration, thanksgiving, or despair; his heart only an anatomical organ, necessary for the circulation of the blood. Yet, if such a being, who reversed the maxim, *nihil humani me alienum puto*, cannot be loved, as little can he be abhorred or despised. He was, in spite of the atrophy or non-development of many of the faculties which are found in those in whom the "elements are kindly mixed," as truly a genius as the mere poets, painters, and musicians, with small intellects and hearts and large imaginations, to whom the world is so willing to bend the knee. He is more to be wondered at than blamed. Cavendish did not stand aloof from other men in a proud or supercilious spirit, refusing to count them his fellows; he felt himself separated from them by a great gulf, which neither they nor he could bridge over, and across which it was vain to stretch hands or exchange greetings. A sense of isolation from his brethren made him shrink from their society, and avoid their presence, but he did so as one conscious of an infirmity, not boasting of an excellence. He was like a deaf mute sitting apart from a circle, whose looks and gestures show that they are uttering and listening to music and eloquence, in producing or welcoming which he can be no shaver. Wisely, therefore, he dwelt apart, and bidding the world farewell, took the self-imposed vows of a scientific anchorite, and, like the monks of old, shut himself up within his cell. It was a kingdom sufficient for him, and from its narrow window he saw as much of the universe as he cared to see. It had a throne also, and from it he dispensed royal gifts to his brethren. He was one of the unthanked benefactors of his race, who was patiently teaching and serving mankind, whilst they were shrinking from his coldness, or mocking his peculiarities. He could not sing for them a sweet song, or create a "thing of beauty" which should be "a joy forever," to touch their hearts, or fire their spirits, or deepen their reverence or their fervor. He was not a poet, a priest, or a prophet, but only a cold, clear Intelligence, rayed down pure white light, which brightened everything on which it fell, but warmed nothing—a star of at least the second, if not of the first magnitude in the intellectual firmament. His theory of the universe seems to have been, that it consisted solely of a multitude of objects which could be weighed, numbered, and measured; and the vocation to which he considered himself called was, to weigh, number and measure as many of those objects as his allotted threescore years and ten would permit. This conviction biased all his doings, alike his great scientific enterprises and the petty details of his daily life.

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.—Quakerism is favorable to longevity, it seems. According to late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britain is fifty-one years, two months, and twenty-one days. Half of the population of the country, as is seen by the same returns, die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of human life the world over is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. The reasons are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the week's business—on Wednesday morning—retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting-house. Quakers are diligent; they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensely, but preserve a composed demeanor always. Is it surprising that their days should be long in the land?—*National Intelligencer*.

From the Spectator.

MOORE'S MEMOIRS, LETTERS, AND JOURNAL.*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has undertaken to lay before the public the letters and journal of his friend Thomas Moore, in compliance with a wish expressed by the deceased poet in a will written many years since, and with the view of providing increased means of support to his surviving family, now unhappily represented solely by his widow. This object has been attained through the medium of Mr. Longman; and it will be a genuine satisfaction to the public to know that she, who for forty years made Moore's cottage-fireside more attractive to him than all the brilliant salons of which he was the ornament and darling, will for the remainder of her life enjoy the competence to which she has been accustomed. Lord John might have used the materials at his disposal in composing a narrative of his friend's life; but most readers will be grateful to him for having chosen the less ambitious path of presenting these materials in their elemental state, and letting the letters and journal tell their own story. Of the two plans, there is no question but the latter is, in such a case, the more interesting; though a better plan than either would have been, to connect the letters by brief narratives throwing light upon incidents and persons alluded to or addressed, and not likely to be familiar to the general public. The biographies of Byron and Scott are admirable instances of this mixed kind of composition; and, in spite of their great length, posterity is not likely to complain of hearing too much of our most remarkable writers, or of those with whom they lived in friendly and familiar intercourse.

The materials intrusted to Lord John Russell are an autobiography of Moore extending to his nineteenth year, a series of letters commencing from that date, and a journal begun in 1808 and continued to 1846. In the two volumes now published, the reader is carried up to the middle of the year 1819 by the journal, and to the close of 1818 by the letters. There is besides a statement drawn up by Moore himself of the famous interrupted duel with Jeffrey, which led to a cordial friendship between the two belligerents, and to Moore's afterwards becoming an Edinburgh Reviewer. With the exception of a short estimate of Moore's character as a man and a writer, Lord John Russell's editorial labors are limited to selection and arrangement. How far he has exercised his authority to suppress and castigate, we have no means of knowing; but, certainly, nothing that ought to offend the most touchy person is to be found in either letter or journal, so far as these volumes go; a fact, however, that may be due not more to the judgment of the editor than to the kindness and good-nature which were as characteristic of Moore as his sparkling wit and tender sentiment.

Moore has himself skimmed the cream of these materials, in writing those charming biographical and literary prefaces to the ten-volume edition of his poetical works, by which we feel ourselves relieved from the necessity of giving an outline of his life. But we can say for him, what he could not say for himself, that his familiar letters and his private journals exhibit him in a far more

estimable and manly character than many will have been disposed to give him credit for, who knew him only as the writer of poems, tender indeed and exquisitely graceful, but for the most part of too voluptuous and sentimental a cast to convey an elevated idea of the actual life of the writer. Such persons will perhaps be astonished to find that one, who was rather a worshipper of Aphrodite and Dionysos than of the sacred Muses and the austere Dorian Apollo, combined with this bias of the imagination the sterling moral qualities of a devoted son, an affectionate brother, a fond and faithful husband. Nor did Moore—though he lived from the age of twenty to three-and-thirty, with the exception of the year he spent in Bermuda and America, in the most fashionable circles of London society, and was a welcome and constant guest in the brilliant parties of the aristocracy from Carlton House downwards—allow himself to become either extravagant or idle. What is perhaps more noteworthy even than this, he never tarnished a noble spirit of self-reliance and independence, though he had the misfortune early in life to be allured by prospects of political advancement held out to him by his friend and patron, Lord Moira; which, however, turned out, through the weakness and vacillation of that amiable, but not strong-minded, nobleman, a blank disappointment, and led as the sum-total of result to the appointment of Moore's father to the office of barrack-master at Dublin. With this paltry exception, Moore owed to his political and aristocratic friends not one pennyworth of pecuniary emolument; for his office at Bermuda brought him no profit, and was eventually, through the misconduct of his deputy, the cause of heavy loss and more heavy embarrassment to him, forcing him to reside abroad from 1819 to 1822, when the claims of his creditors were compromised. The pension granted to him in 1835 no doubt increased the independence and comfort of his later years; but he had long before fought and won his own battle, and was indebted to no one but himself for the means by which he maintained himself and his household, and contributed liberally to increase the scanty income of his parents. Altogether, the picture of this poet's life is one to be recommended as an excellent lesson in genial morality, to all precisians and puritans and men of "earnest minds"—to all people blessed or cursed "with a mission." They will find gayety of heart, a keen enjoyment and a free participation of all the pleasures of life, a decided taste for fashionable society, in union with the domestic virtues, with diligent habits of study, with artistlike carefulness of work, and with an independent, self-reliant spirit. And for those who need no such elementary lessons, a source of philosophical instruction is opened in a comparison and contrast of this life with those of his contemporaries, Lord Byron and Theodore Hook. Like the former, Moore was a popular poet and a man of the world, and lived in very near the same society; like the latter, he was a poor man and a wit, who for his brilliant social qualities and accomplishments was courted, caressed, and tempted by "the world, the flesh, and the Devil," in this triad's most alluring shape. How different Moore's career from either of the others! How free from the blots that make them warnings and beacons to men of genius for all generations to come!

We have no hesitation in ascribing much of the good sense and moderation that marked Moore's intercourse with the great and gay world to the

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M. P. Volumes I. and II. Published by Longman and Co.

early influence of his mother, and to the training of his home circle. There was certainly laid the foundation of his literary and social accomplishments; and the atmosphere of gaiety and enjoyment in which his boyhood and youth were passed must have powerfully aided a fine temperament in developing those inner resources of happiness which are the best safeguards against vice and dissipation. From home, too, Moore brought with him into the world his political opinions and sympathies, and his spirit of hatred against oppression and tyranny, which his fine taste and literary culture prevented from ever degenerating into Irish savagery and exaggeration. Add to this that Moore throughout his life continued to correspond with his mother twice a week, except when out of England; a consequence of which is, that a large proportion of the letters in these two volumes are addressed to her; and we have the picture of a life of remarkable unity, whose tastes, affections, opinions, and pursuits, run on in an unbroken chain, in which the latter years are not spent in regretting the former, or the former in vain do-nothing anticipations of the latter—a clear life, understanding itself and its capabilities from the first, and gradually realizing all its wishes, hopes, and aspirations; a life that never suddenly breaks with itself to begin anew, but goes on its way brightening, culminating, and rejoicing. A bower of bliss, a nightingale's nest certainly, rather than fortress or palace or cathedral, is this fabric of a life; but it seems eminently to have been what it was meant to be—and that is a singular happiness and a singular merit, in these days.

The letters are bright with affectionateness and playful wit, and abound in interesting minute details of daily life. Less than those of most literary men do they touch upon literary matters; perhaps because Mrs. Moore, to whom so many of them are addressed, was more interested in her son than in the books he read or the opinions he formed. But also in those addresses to others, and even to men and women of literary cultivation, the friend, the man of the world, is more conspicuous than the poet and the scholar. The exceptions are those principally addressed to his publisher, Mr. Power, who brought out the Irish Melodies; and these bear no comparison with the letters of Burns on similar topics. Moore seems to have kept his "shop" very much out of his letters; and though this does not render them less interesting or pleasant, it makes it difficult to select for quotation. The journal, on the other hand, is full of recorded conversations, teeming with witicism, anecdote, and curious learning—a perfect storehouse for reviewers and diners-out. Our difficulty in quoting from the letters is much the same as it would be to fix upon any particular set speech of a general favorite, as the justification of the esteem and affection with which such a one is regarded.

FROM THE LETTERS.

To his Mother.

August 4, 1800.—I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honor he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me, and said, the honor was entirely his, in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter we

should have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a new coat; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundingly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours; however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an old coat, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds. By the bye, I am still in my other tailor's debt. To change the topic, I have heard Lord Moira's opinion of my *Anacreon* (not from himself, for when I saw him he very elegantly thanked me for a vast deal of gratification which it had given him); but he had spoken a vast deal of it to a gentleman who told me; said there were scarce any of the best poets who had been so strictly grammatical in language as I had been, that the notes discovered a great extent of reading, and that, in short, it is a very superior work.

Do not let any one read this letter but yourselves; none but a father and a mother can bear such egotizing vanity; but I know who I am writing to—that they are interested in what is said of me, and that they are too partial not to tolerate my speaking of myself.

April 1, 1801.—How d'ye do, my dearest mother? Did you see my name in the paper among the lists of company at most of the late routs? This is a foolish custom adopted here, of printing the names of the most distinguished personages that are at the great parties, and Mr. Moore, I assure you, is not forgotten. I have an idea of going down to Donnington Park, to seclude myself for about a month in the library there; they are all in town; but Lord Moira tells me I may have an apartment there whenever I wish. 'Tis a long time since I heard from you. Are you all well and happy? Grierson has not left this yet. I dined yesterday with George Ogle, and he was there. I met the prince at supper at Lady Harrington's, on Monday night; he is always very polite to me. You cannot think how much my songs are liked here. Monk Lewis was "in the greatest agonies" the other night at Lady Donegal's, at having come in after my songs; "Pon his honor, he had come in for the express purpose of hearing me." Write to me soon, dearest little mamma, and tell me you are well.

On his Father's loss of his employment from reduction at the close of the War.

Jan. 26, 1815.—My dearest Mother—My father's last letter would have made us very unhappy indeed, if we had not the pleasing thought that by that time you had received the intelligence of Lord Mulgrave's letter, and were lightened at least of half your sorrow. Indeed, my darling mother, I am quite ashamed of the little resolution you seem to have shown upon this occurrence; it was an event I have been expecting for years, and which I know you yourselves were hourly apprehensive of; therefore, instead of looking upon it as such an overwhelming thunderclap, you ought to thank Providence for having let you enjoy it so long, and for having deferred the loss till I was in a situation (which thank God! I am now) to keep you comfortably without it. I venture to say "comfortably," because I do think (when the expenses of that house, and the et ceteras which always attend an establishment, are deducted) you will manage to live as well upon your 200*l.* a year as you did then upon your 350*l.*, which I suppose was the utmost the place altogether was worth. Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to us as to you, for I trust we have no separate interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together; yet you would have seen no gloom in us—nothing like it; we instantly made up our minds to the reduction and economy that would be necessary,

and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven for being able to do so well; and this, my sweet mother, is the temper of mind in which you should take it. If you knew the hundreds of poor clerks that have been laid low in the progress of this retrenchment that is going on, and who have no means in the world of supporting their families, you would bless our lot, instead of yielding to such sinful despondency about it. For my father's sake (who is by no means as stout himself as he ought to be) you ought to summon up your spirits, and make the best and the brightest of it.

Let him draw upon Power at two months for whatever he may want for the barrack-money; and when the rent comes due in March, we shall take care of it. Ever, my dearest mother, your own affectionate
TOM.

To Miss Gofrey. March, 1815.—Oh for some of those ways of coming together that they have in the fairy tales! wishing-caps, mirrors, flying-dragons, anything but this vile intercommunication of pen and ink. I am afraid we shall never get *properly* into it; and whenever I get a letter from either of you, it makes me regret my own laziness in this way most bitterly, as I feel you only want "*stirring up*" now and then, like those other noble females the lionesses at the Tower (no disparagement), to make you (as Bottom says) "*roar an 'twere a nightingale.*" Whether you like this simile or not, you really are worth twenty nightingales to me in my solitude, and a letter from you makes me eat, drink, and sleep as comfortably again; not that I do any one of these things *over* it, but, without any flattery, it sweetens them all to me. I am as busy as a bee, and I hope too, like him, among flowers. I feel that I improve as I go on, and I hope to come out in full blow with the Michaelmas daisy—not to publish, you know, but to be finished. I was a good deal surprised at you, who are so very hard to please, speaking so leniently of Scott's "*Lord of the Isles*;" it is wretched stuff, the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to Longman the other day, I said, "*Between you and me, I don't much like Scott's poem*;" and I had an answer back, "*We are very sorry you do not like Mr. Scott's book. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown,*" &c. What do you think of this for a "*between you and me*?"

I think there are strong symptoms of the world's being about to get just as mad as ever—the riots, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Frederick Flood, and Bonaparte. What the latter has done will be thought madness if it fails; but it is just the same sort of thing that has made heroes from the beginning of the world; success makes all the difference between a madman and a hero.

Bessy is, I hope, getting a little stouter. The little things eat like cormorants, and I am afraid so do I. There are two things I envy you in London—Miss O'Neil and your newspaper at breakfast; all the rest I can do without manfully. Rogers has written me a long letter from Venice, all about gondolas.

To Lady Donegal. Mayfield, Monday, March 27, 1815.—You have seen by the newspapers that we have lost our poor little Olivia. There could not be a healthier or livelier child than she was; but the attack was sudden, and after a whole day of convulsions the poor thing died. My chief feeling has, of course, been for Bessy, who always suffers much more than she shows, and whose health, I fear, is paying for the effort she made to bear the loss tranquilly. I mean, however, as soon as the fine weather comes, to take her over to my mother, who is also in a bad state of health and pining to see us all; a few months together will do them both good; and I will say for them, they are as dear a mother and wife as any man could wish to see together.

What do you think now of my supernatural friend the emperor? If ever tyrant deserved to be worshipped, it is he; Milton's Satan is nothing to him for portentous magnificence—for sublimity of mischief. If that account in the papers be true, of his driving down in his carriage like lightning towards the royal army embattled against him, bare-headed, unguarded, in all the confidence of irresistibility—it is a fact far sublimer than any that fiction has ever invented, and I am not at all surprised at the dumbfounded fascination that seizes people at such daring. For my part, I could have fancied that *Fate herself* was in that carriage.

Good by; write soon. By your not mentioning my "*Fathers*" in the Edinburgh, I take for granted you cannot read it—and "*no blame to you,*" as we say in Ireland. Ever yours. T. M.

What desperate weather! all owing to Bonaparte.

To Lady Donegal. April 4, 1816.—Be it known to you, that on Saturday last I took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Lancastrian Society at Derby, and astonished not only the company but myself by sundry speeches, of which the Derby paper of to-day gives such a flourishing account that I blush to the eyes; seriously, I never saw anything like the enthusiastic effect I produced; and of all exertions of talent, public speaking is certainly the most delightful—the effect is so immediately under one's own eyes, and the harvest of its fame so instantaneous. This was the first time I ever really prepared or exerted myself in speaking, and oh! what would I *not* give to have many and higher opportunities for it. Would you bring me in if you could?

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Madame de Staël and William Smith.—Madame de Staël very angry with William Smith for his act in favor of the Unitarians: thought it was an act for the abolition of the Trinity—"C'est vous done (said she on being introduced to Smith) qui ne voulez point de mystères!"

Conversation at Bowood.—Dined at Bowood. . . . Had some conversation with Lord Lansdowne before dinner. Talked of the impeachment of Hastings; asked him his impression on the subject. He said he looked upon Hastings as an irregular man, using violent means for purposes which, perhaps, nothing but irregular and violent means would answer, as his command and situation in India were of such a particularly difficult and embarrassing nature. Agreed with me that the impeachment was a sort of dramatic trial of skill, got up from the various motives I mentioned; to which he added, what had not struck me before, Dundas' fear of Hastings' ascendancy in Indian affairs, both from his knowledge and talent and his favor with the king, to whom the arbitrariness of Hastings' government was rather a recommendation of him. Dundas used India as a sort of colony for Scotland. Talked of the great question about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, upon which the lawyers and statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect; Erskine too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on this occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "*What!*" said he, "*a nisi-prisus lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment!*" as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is! Tried Lord Lansdowne on the subject of coalitions, and said that nothing could be more absurd than to condemn that sort of coalition of which all parties must consist, made up as they are of individuals differing in shades of opinion, but compromising these differences for the sake of one general object; but that it was quite another thing when the opposition in sentiments was not only total and radical but recently, and violently expressed.

Here we were interrupted. At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers; the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "Glorious lamp of day on its march;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to —'s oratory. Mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced: something this way—"It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie in Gloucester Street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," &c. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter merely upon the strength of having a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as "Maître des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the *Pursuits of Literature*, and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias' Italian poetry; Mr. Oakden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was *but* a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation by W. Spenser of a song of mine ("The wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonaiuti, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" ("one faded leaf"), he said, "Wrong; foglio is the leaf of a book; the leaf of a tree is foglia." This annihilated it at once, for "una foglia" would not suit the metre. Talked of the unlucky number thirteen at dinner. Mentioned that, at Catalani's one day, perceiving there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess who lived with her upstairs, to remedy the grievance; but soon after, La Caine coming in, the poor movable countess was brought down again. Lord L. said he had dined once abroad with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking round from chair to chair; and he found afterwards from Orloff it was because the *Narishkin* (I think) were at table, who he knew would rise instantly if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself. Lord L. said that "black-guard" was a word of which he could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black who attended at the execution of Charles the First; but the word was, he believed, older than that period; and, besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place. Music in the evening; Mrs. Oakden played the "Ranz des Vaches" and the beautiful "Chaconne of Jomelli."

Perry, Doherty, and the Duke of Sussex.—I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his Royal Highness. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turning upon newspapers, the duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden. "Yes, sir," said

he, "I am the person; I had the honor of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards Perry, and saw his face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did not my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary; who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *real* journalist, exclaimed, with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a weekly newspaper."

[The profuse use of the Italic type, which arrests the eye in some of the extracts, is not an invention of ours, but a veritable copy from the printed Memoirs. It was probably the fashion of Mr. Moore and his female correspondents to underscore their words of emphasis in this manner; but as that mode of forcible expression is now rather obsolete among cultivated writers, perhaps the noble editor will direct its discontinuance, or more discriminating employment, in the succeeding volumes.]

From the Examiner.

By the completion of these Memoirs, which extend in the present volumes to the fortieth year of the poet's life, the world will become intimate with Thomas Moore. Yet gossips will get here no critical dissection of his character, and they will find nothing to remind them of whatever battles have been fought, or shall be fought, among the critics over the adjustment of his literary reputation. In these pages it is Moore himself who comes among us, with his own warm heart and cheerful temper, finding no more fault with himself than other men are apt to find with themselves, and well contented with the world about him, which he takes into his confidence and makes the witness of his daily life.

The volumes of Moore's Memoirs consist of four parts, upon each of which it is right that a few words should be said. The first part is the preface by the literary executor, to whose friendly care the poet entrusted the arrangement of his memoirs, and their publication in a fit shape for the benefit of his surviving family. At Moore's death in February of the present year there remained only the wife with whom he had for forty years enjoyed the happiness of a most faithful and unclouded love. For her the requisite provision has been made, contingent on the publication of these volumes. In this respect, therefore, the poet's wish has been fulfilled. We think, also, that in the literary part of the trust placed in him, Lord John Russell has well justified the foresight of his friend. It is worth noting that these, the first two volumes of Moore's papers, have been arranged, carefully edited, and issued to the public, with a graceful and well-written prefatory sketch, before the expiration of the very year in which the poet died; and that this duty has been performed by one of our leading statesmen in a season of unusual political struggle, including a change of ministry and a closely contested general election. This may claim to be remembered when Lord John Russell's own life shall hereafter be written.

Of the prefatory sketch which forms the first part of the volumes, it is of course not requisite to say that it is written in the spirit of a hearty friend. The writer justly dwells upon the amiable features of Moore's character, and its strong points of excellence—his intense, unflinching love for his mother, and, after marriage, his not less pure and abiding tenderness towards his wife; his cheerful, charitable spirit, and his real simplicity

of heart. On faults he touches very lightly, or he does not speak of them at all. In the same temper Lord John shows taste in pointing out the excellencies of the poet's verse, tact in the lightness of his touch upon defects that are sufficiently apparent, and, in fixing Moore's place on the Tripes of the poets, a partiality to which before such pages we are quite unwilling to object. In strict critical justice we might certainly take exception to a great deal of this last part of Lord John's argument; but we do not sit down in that cold temper before these records of Thomas Moore. The author of the Irish Melodies and Twopenny Post Bag was an undoubted poet and wit, whose memoirs would have been ill-edited by any other than a worthy and a genuine admirer.

For how many years has the public been accustomed to hear the worst of Thomas Moore—to pass harsh judgments that were undeserved—and to know nothing of him at his best! Erotic verses, written in the flush and careless joyousness of youth, published before the judgment was yet ripe enough to play the part of censor to the fancy, and forced by accident into undue and sudden popularity, have had already too large an influence over the public notion of the poet's life. If Moore, when he came to London and published his *Anac-reon* at the age of twenty-one, had not brought with him more than the promise of a future greatness that was in his pen, the follies of his youthful verse would probably have been forgotten, as, in one way or other, all of us have perpetrated follies which it becomes afterwards natural and easy to forget. But the young poet brought with him to London a great social accomplishment; his songs, accompanied by himself on the piano, fixed the ears of listeners; he became an object of desire at parties, and was overwhelmed with fashionable invitations. His thoroughly genial and amiable qualities converted fashionable patrons into friends, and his first crude writings were thus issued to the world with an imposing amount of popularity and patronage. How false was the impression of the man himself that they were calculated to create, may be concluded fairly from the promptitude of the strong friendship that arose between Moore and his critic Jeffrey, beginning on the very morning of the duel to which the young poet challenged the censor of his morality. A duel was no very moral way of asserting a man's purity of mind, we can say easily in 1852; but the spirit of the times has altered. It may fairly be granted, also, that in the mind of Thomas Moore there was no great loftiness of thought; that there was nothing massive in his character; he enjoyed the world, including all its vanities, when they presented themselves in a cheerful aspect. The acute sense of melody which forms the leading feature of his poetry, in which alone, indeed, the merit of a great deal of his verse consists, prevailed over his mind and kept out of it the jar of evil passions. In his spirit of kindness, and in the strength of his affections, Thomas Moore was a better man than thousands who have abstained more rigidly from cakes and ale. Moore wore his foibles and his lighter qualities upon his sleeve, and treasured virtues in the sanctuary of his heart.

Through the Memoirs, taken in connection with his works, he will now, however, become known in his own just proportions to the world. Moore's Life, says Lord John Russell—

in his own account, whether in the shape of memoir, letters, or diary. There will be seen his early progress as a schoolboy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and, lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues and his failings, his happiness and his afflictions, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes. Still there are some remarks which an editor may be allowed to make by way of introduction to this work.

The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend Miss Godfrey: "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all."

Twice a week during his whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections.

His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

To this point in Moore's character there is another to be added, which will further recommend his kind and gentle nature to the praise of even the least poetical of judges. Though gifted with the most exquisite sensibility of nature—a man who could be moved to tears by the sublimity of Mont Blanc, or the sight of a mother fanning her sick child—though glad enough to revel like a child among the pleasures of a pleasant world, he had nothing of the careless or indifferent quality about him; he was not dead to the more active calls on sympathy; and—

Neither did he, like many a richer man, with negligence amounting to crime, leave his tradesmen to suffer for his want of fortune. Mingling careful economy with an intense love of all the enjoyments

of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him.

Lord John Russell has added, as an appendix to his prefatory sketch, an extract of some pages from the *Irish Quarterly Review*, in which are collected many lively accounts of the poet's person, manners, and abode, as they appear to friends and strangers. This extract supplies a very good pen-and-ink portrait to the engraved portrait placed before the title-page.

The editor having performed his duty in this first part of the volumes, the real memoirs begin, and consist of three parts differing in kind. The first nineteen years of the poet's life are related by himself in the form of a continuous story, under the title "Memoirs of Myself, begun many years since, but never, I fear, to be completed.—F. M. (1833)." In these Memoirs, starting from the point in his own mind of an admitted fame, Moore has been chiefly careful to relate the story of his childhood and youth in such a manner as to point out how the events of those days acted on his character, how the man was developed from the child. He has not, indeed, done this professedly, or with any ostentation; but the minute recollections which make up this piece of autobiography, are all of such a kind as to point forward to the writer's subsequent career; and in many instances they would inevitably do this, whether by design or not.

There can be no doubt, in the mind of any reader of this sketch, that the love of company and the ambition after that kind of polite society called "good," in Mrs. Moore, had a great deal of influence over the character in later life of her son Tom. Moore tells us that

One of the persons of those early days to whom I look back with most pleasure, was an elderly maiden lady, possessed of some property, whose name was Dodd, and who lived in a small, neat house in Camden street. The class of society she moved in was somewhat of a higher level than ours; and she was the only person to whom, during my childhood, my mother could ever trust me for any time away from herself. It was, indeed, from the first, my poor mother's ambition, though with no undue aspirations for herself, to secure for her children an early footing in the better walks of society; and to her constant attention to this object I owe both my taste for good company, and the facility I afterwards found in adapting myself to that sphere. Well, indeed, do I remember my Christmas visits to Miss Dodd, when I used to pass with her generally three whole days, and be made so much of by herself and her guests; most especially do I recall the delight of one evening when she had a large tea-party, and when, with her alone in the secret, I remained for hours concealed under the table, having a small barrel-organ in my lap, and watching anxiously the moment when I was to burst upon their ears with music from—they knew not where! If the pleasure, indeed, of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imagination of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me while lying hid under that table as ever I could boast since.

The solicitude of the fond mother, who from the first connected her son's career with reveries of high ambition, is delightfully expressed in many passages; as, for example, in the following:

My youth was in every respect a most happy one. Though kept closely to my school studies by my mother, who examined me daily in all of them herself, she was in everything else so full of indulgence, so affectionately devoted to me, that to gain her approbation I would have thought no labor or difficulty too hard. As an instance both of her anxiety about my studies and the willing temper with which I met it, I need only mention that, on more than one occasion, when having been kept out too late at some evening party to be able to examine me in my task for next day, she has come to my bedside, on her return home, and waked me (sometimes as late as one or two o'clock in the morning), and I have cheerfully sat up in my bed and repeated over all my lessons to her. Her anxiety, indeed, that I should attain and keep a high rank in the school was ever watchful and active, and on one occasion exhibited itself in a way that was rather disconcerting to me. On our days of public examination, which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and, on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the area of the room being occupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had attained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it, who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when standing up before the audience, all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of "*l'honnête homme trompé*;" namely, "*ne dire mot*"—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master did not oppose, when, to my surprise, and I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to rouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I—ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class.

Moore, being destined for a barrister by the ambition of his parents, was sent from Mr. Whyte's school to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was a student and a friend of Emmet's during the year 1797 and the famous '98. Having graduated in Dublin, he was sent to London at the age of nineteen, with a roll of guineas, the hard savings of his mother, stitched into the waistband of his pantaloons; and with a bit of cloth, blessed by the priest, securely sewed up in another portion of his clothes. With the establishment of the young poet in London, and *Anacreon* half finished being among his luggage, the Memoirs written in the form of narrative conclude.

In this narrative, we should remark, various passages sketch the growth of Moore's accomplishments in music. The short paragraph that follows, is the most important of them; and we continue the extract to include a longer anecdote, amusing in itself, and highly characteristic of the power that belongs even in youth to genius—Moore being sixteen years old.

The person employed to instruct my sister in music was a young man of the name of Warren (a nephew of Dr. Doyle), who became afterwards one of the most

popular of our Dublin music masters. There had been some attempts made by Wesley, Doyle, and others, to teach me to play, but I had resisted them all most strongly, and, whether from shyness or hopelessness of success, *would not* be taught; nor was it till the piano-forte had been some time in our possession, that, taking a fancy, voluntarily to the task, I began to learn of myself.

Not content with my own boyish stirrings of ambition, and the attempts at literature of all kinds to which they impelled me, I contrived to inoculate also Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany (my father's two clerks) with the same literary propensities. One of them, Tom Ennis, a man between twenty and thirty years of age, had a good deal of natural shrewdness and talent, as well as a dry vein of Irish humor, which used to amuse us all exceedingly. The other, John Delany, was some years younger, and of a far more ordinary cast of mind; but even him, too, I succeeded in galvanizing into some sort of literary vitality.

As our house was far from spacious, the bed-room which I occupied was but a corner of that in which these two clerks slept, boarded off and fitted up with a bed, a table, and a chest of drawers, with a book-case over it; and here, as long as my mother's brother continued to be an inmate of our family, he and I slept together. After he left us, however, to board and lodge elsewhere, I had this little nook to myself, and proud enough was I of my *own* apartment. Upon the door, and upon every other vacant space which my boundaries supplied, I placed inscriptions of my own composition, in the manner, as I flattered myself, of Shenstone's at the Leasowes. Thinking it the grandest thing in the world to be at the head of some literary institution, I organized my two shop friends, Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany, into a literary and debating society, of which I constituted myself the president; and our meetings, as long as they lasted, were held once or twice a week, in a small closet belonging to the bedroom off which mine was partitioned. When there was no company of an evening, the two clerks always supped at the same table with the family; taking their bread and cheese, and beer, while my father and mother had their regular meat supper, with the usual adjunct, never omitted by my dear father through the whole of his long and hale life, of a tumbler of whiskey punch. It was after this meal that my two literary associates and myself, used (unknown, of course, to my father and mother) to retire, on the evenings of our meetings, to the little closet beyond the bed-room, and there hold our sittings. In addition to the other important proceedings that occupied us, each member was required to produce an original enigma, or rebus, in verse, which the others were bound, if possible, to explain; and I remember one night, Tom Ennis, who was in general very quick at these things, being exceedingly mortified at not being able to make out a riddle which the president (my august self) had proposed to the assembly. After various fruitless efforts on his part, we were obliged to break up for the night leaving my riddle still unsolved. After I had been some hours asleep, however, I was awakened by a voice from my neighbor's apartment, crying out lustily, "a drum, a drum, a drum;" while at the same time the action was suited to the word by a most vigorous thumping of a pair of fists against my wooden partition. It was Tom Ennis, who had been lying awake all these hours endeavoring to find out the riddle, and now thus vociferously announced to me his solution of it.

Nineteen years of Moore's life having been narrated by himself, the next twenty years form a distinct part of the Memoirs, their story being told entirely by means of a selection from his letters. Of the rest of his life the poet kept an ample diary.

The first year of this diary closes the present section of the memoirs, occupying not less than two hundred pages of the second volume. The forms of autobiographic narrative, of familiar letter, and of diary, differ in so many essential respects, that a man, leaving the memoirs of his life to be exhibited by his own pen in these three forms, necessarily makes a more complete display of his whole character than he could have done in memoirs published in one form only. In the selection of his letters Lord John Russell has been evidently actuated by a nice care for the reputation of his friend. Even in the account of his early years written by Moore himself for the public eye, Lord John has in one place substituted asterisks for a passage which, in the use we have no doubt of a just discretion, he has thought it proper to omit. The letters published are principally selected from those addressed by the poet to his mother, and to his intimate friends, Lady Donegal and Miss Godfrey; there are, however, many others, and there is a most judicious admixture of letters addressed to Moore himself that bear upon the illustration of his character or his career. Yet, of course, these letters are not to be taken as a complete exposition of his life. Many reserves are obviously necessary in treating the material belonging to the life of a contemporary, and it is not difficult to discern that the editor of the volumes before us has been resolutely prudent. Of the facts connected with Moore's marriage, for example, his wife being still living, there is no trace to be found among the letters. He married, at the age of thirty-one, Miss Dyke, who was fourteen years younger than himself, and the date and place of marriage are given briefly in a note appended to a passage in one letter addressed to his mother, several weeks afterwards, from which it appears that he was only then on the point of making her acquainted with the fact.

We had marked for extract many pleasant passages from the large body of correspondence in these volumes, but we must pass on to the diary. This record of the life and times of Thomas Moore when in his prime is perhaps the most interesting portion of the book; and as it proceeds we have no doubt it will become more so, for already we see unmistakable evidence of the genuineness and honesty of the record. There are of course iterations, both in letters and in diary, of slight impressions, which do indeed go to make up a full idea, but which nevertheless begot occasionally more or less of a sense of tedious. We must regard this, however, as an indispensable attendant on the form of publication. We quote one extract from the diary, which is throughout well filled with pleasant recollections. Of the facility with which the poet who entered the world out of a wine-store, identified himself with the fine world which his mother had in his childhood taught him to admire, there is an amusing illustration in the beginning of the following mention of a dinner at Bowood.

Talked of Fearon and Birkbeck. The singularity of two such men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen. It must make those in the higher regions look about them and be on the alert; every man now feels that kind of warning from the *man* immediately beneath him, and the stimulus is propagated. What it will come to, God knows. What Curran said, when asked what there was doing in the House of Lords? "Only

Lord Moira, *airing his vocabulary*;" better than anything P. has told of him. Gratton delightful; "so much (Mackintosh says) to admire, so much to love in him, so much to laugh at, so wise, so odd, so good." Sir J. Mackintosh told of "*Barry Close*," the well-known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialectics. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard) and said, "Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail." "Who can the impudent fellow be?" said Close. "Lord Bacon." "Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!" After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things.

I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples, talking of Virgil, "Ah, Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime ça—*Tilgry lu patulz recubans*," &c., &c. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labored mole away," was done "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, "Voilà le Château de Macabée." "Maccabée, milor," said the artist. "Je crois que c'est Macbeth," modestly answered Lord M. "Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le continent; Judas Maccabéeus, Empereur Romain?" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment, "C'est moi!"

We are obliged to bring our extracts too suddenly to a close, but shall probably be able to quote more on another occasion. The volumes are sure to be read with eagerness, and they will not disappoint the expectation of the public.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

THEREBY HANGS A TAIL.

It hangs to what the naturalists call a Puma, the Mexicans a Lion, the Texans a Mexican Lion. A splendid fellow he is, too, with great, sleepy, green eyes, a skin as soft as velvet and beautifully mottled, teeth a half inch long and sharp as razors, claws over an inch in length, jaws four inches across, limbs as finely proportioned as a sculptor could desire, and as brawny as any ploughman's you ever saw, a chest broad as a young colt's, a body as flexible as a snake's. The fellow is playful, too; the only precaution to be taken is not to put your hand where he can get hold of it. To look at him, one would think him the gentlest of kittens, as weak and delicate as a mouse; but a look at his old cage, with the thick timbers torn up as if struck by lightning, will change this opinion at once. Once or twice already he has got loose in the big warehouse where he is kept, and such a sudden disappearance of the human inhabitants thereof as then took place was never be-

fore witnessed. He did no harm, however, being mercifully inclined.

This specimen of what Texas can produce in the way of wild animals, was, when a cub, caught on the Rio Grande by an officer in the army, and was presented by him to a friend of his residing at Corpus Christi. He grew up under charge of a Mexican, who led him about, without a chain, and treated him as he would a favorite dog. The animal never attempted to harm his guardian, and appeared to have a decided affection for him.

Not long since an acquaintance of ours, a young man unacquainted with the ways of the world, and particularly the world of Texas, was out on horseback in the prairies, back of Corpus Christi, "looking for what he could see." Presently, in moving along a road, he came across one of those low, odd, awkward-looking things, called a Mexican cart. It occupied the middle of the highway; the oxen harnessed to it were lying down, chewing the cud of animal reflection. The vehicle was apparently unoccupied.

Our adventurer rode nearer, and just as he was within a few feet of the cart, up rose suddenly a tall, black, oil-skin-covered, steeple-shaped Mexican hat, and under it one of the strangest faces that ever astonished a stranger. It was no less an individual than our "lion," who had sprung up and sat there on his haunches, showing his teeth in a grim smile, and staring out of his big, green, glistening eyes in no pleasant manner for a person unaccustomed to such adventures. Our traveller felt "all overish" down to his boots; his horse, frightened out of his wits, snorted and reared and pranced around, getting as far out of the way of the cart as he could. The "lion" sat still, wagging his long tail, and evidently enjoying the scene. His appearance, with the tall, queer hat, was ridiculous enough; still there was something about him that made it more natural to desire to get out of his neighborhood than to stay near and laugh at him.

Our traveller speedily regained his presence of mind, and forced his horse up to the cart. A man's head now rose above the sides of the cart, and called out in Spanish what the Señor wanted. The lion's companion was his guardian—a Mexican. He was going down to Corpus Christi to deliver him to his owner, and at noon had stopped his cart and laid down to take a nap. The lion's haunch was an excellent pillow for the Mexican's head, and the lion's head a superior deposit for the Mexican's hat. So both had gone lovingly to sleep together.

The Mexican lion no wise resembles his African or Asiatic namesake. He is more akin to the tiger. The one we have spoken of above is the finest specimen of the race we have ever seen. They are now quite rare in Texas.

AND 'TIS KNOWN

That when we stand upon our native soil,
Unelbowed by such objects as oppress
Our active powers, those powers themselves become
Strong to subvert our noxious qualities;
They sweep distemper from the busy day,
And make the chalice of the big round year
Run o'er with gladness; whence the being moves
In beauty through the world, and all who see
Bless him, rejoicing in his neighborhood.

Wordsworth.

From the Times, 23 Dec.

MR. THACKERAY.*

WE are neither surprised nor disappointed by this first complete novel from the skilful pen of the author of *Vanity Fair*. We knew the level below which the genius of Mr. Thackeray would not fall, and above which its wings are not solicitous to soar. Every intelligent reader of *Pendennis* must have taken a tolerably fair gauge of the writer's powers and aspirations when he closed the last page of that volume. It had followed, with the accustomed celerity of popular serials, close upon the heels of *Vanity Fair*, and all the faults, as well as some of the good points, of the first—in many respects most admirable—production were repeated. In both works we had that incomparably easy and unforced style in which Mr. Thackeray has courage to narrate his story and describe his incidents; in both we had the same partial and unpleasant view of men and things; in both there presented themselves to our unquestionable annoyance, and for our improper delight, virtuous characters as insipid as they were good, and wicked personages as amusing as they were naughty.

If, before the appearance of *Esmond*, we had been asked to define the limits of Mr. Thackeray's field of operations, we should have said that it was bounded on the north by Baker-street, and on the south by Pall-mall. Nowhere had this novelist seemed more at home than in the drawing-rooms of the Baker-street district, and in the coffee-rooms of the Pall-mall Club house. The petty vices and disagreeable foibles of the middle classes were as familiar to him as his own countenance, and, to speak the truth, it would really seem that he loved to contemplate them with as much enjoyment as a fond woman might her face. Life drawn by the pencil of Mr. Thackeray was life without the bright light of heaven upon it; it was life looked upon with a disbelieving, a disappointed, and a jaundiced eye. It was real, but only as sickness is real, or any other earthly visitation. Travel whithersoever we might with our clever but sceptical companion, it was impossible to feel happy or at ease. We dared not believe in heroism, for he rebuked the belief with a sneer; we could not talk of human perfectibility, for he had pooh-poohed the idea with a smile of contempt. If he introduced us to a clever girl, it was simply that we might detect hideous selfishness in its most delicate form. Did we note goodness in man or woman, it was only to be reminded that we gazed upon fools. Generous impulses crossed our path, but invariably allied with sottishness or worse. Inquiring minds were pointed out to us, listening industriously at key-holes, and ambition was deemed to have a fit illustration in the career of an aspiring swindler. It was not easy to proceed for an hour with Mr. Thackeray without being fascinated by the tranquil and self-confident flow of his discourse, and without deriving instruction from his words; but the most cheerful was doomed to lose all comfort in his walk. Who can be comfortable in a hospital? Who can be comfortable spending his days with people not passionate enough for the perpetration of great faults, and not sufficiently pure for the perfect performance of the humblest virtues? Who is comfortable in a sponging house, in a gambling booth, in

any place on earth where the least creditable of man's great faculties are in full play, and where the highest and most ennobling are for the time annihilated and extinct?

Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson used to quote with great approbation the saying of a novelist, "that the virtues of Fielding's heroes were the vices of a truly good man." We could not say even that of Mr. Thackeray's heroes. Their virtues are rather the weaknesses of the truly stupid. We affirm that few things could be duller than Mr. Thackeray's pen engaged in the delineation of heroine or hero. We looked at the picture in the spirit of unconquerable incredulity. No matter how strongly the author insisted upon the genuineness of the article, we were unmoved by his pertinacity, and proof against his assertion. Twenty times in the course of *Vanity Fair* he stops in order to look slyly into the reader's face, and to ascertain whether he is smiling at, or sympathizing with, that very uninteresting widow, Mrs. Osborne. "You think," he vehemently exclaims, "that this is n't a heroine. I assure you she is. You may n't believe it; she doesn't look like one, but, take my word, you are mistaken." The reader is not mistaken. Mr. Thackeray is not mistaken. Nobody is mistaken. In spite of his vehemence the author is quite as incredulous as everybody else. How shall he inspire faith when he is no believer? How shall he hope to persuade others when he has not the power, even if he had the desire, to persuade himself?

The temper and spirit with which the author of *Vanity Fair* is wont to approach our poor humanity are fraught with peril; for the undoubted genius and capability of the sceptic simply add to his power for mischief. It is a terrible thing to be taught by a master of his craft that in life there is little to excite admiration—nothing to inspire enthusiasm. It is fearful to have an insight into the human heart, and to detect in that holy of holies not even one solitary spark of the once pure flame. We live and are supported by the conviction that goodness still prevails in the earth, and that the soul of man is still susceptible of the noblest impulses. Guilt is among us; crime abounds; falsehood is around and about us; but, conscious as we are of these facts, we know and feel that man may yet trust to his fellow-man, and that evil is not permitted to outweigh good. A series of novels, based upon the principle which Mr. Thackeray delights to illustrate, would utterly destroy this knowledge, and render us a race of unbelievers—animals less happy than the brutes, who, dumb and unreasoning as they are, can still consort together, and derive some consolation from their companionship.

To the unreflecting, Thackeray and Dickens represent one school of fiction. But a greater mistake cannot be made. The two novelists have little or nothing in common. Their styles of composition are as opposed as their views of life. We have already spoken of the matchless and courageous ease with which Mr. Thackeray is content to tell his story. Too much praise cannot be awarded to him for his evidence of intellectual independence. His story may not be good, his philosophy may be tainted; but, whatever his subject matter, you have it before you with no factitious adornment in order to make it appear other than it is. Not so the inimitable author of *Pickwick*, whose style betrays effort and constant straining for effect. Again, Mr. Dickens sympathizes deeply with his species, and

* The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the Service of Her Majesty, Queen Anne. Written by himself. In 3 vols. Smith & Elder, 1852.

is never so happy as when dealing with its better qualities. Mr. Thackeray never recognizes such qualities, or, when he finds them, knows not what to do with them. Another and still more striking difference yet remains. It was said of Richardson, years ago, that the characters he drew were characters of nature, while those drawn by Fielding were characters of manners. At the present day we may have another opinion on this subject; but, undoubtedly, as regards Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, the distinction, to a great extent, holds good. The longer Mr. Dickens lives, and the more he writes, the more prone he becomes to leave the broad field of nature for the narrower path of art. The great Sam Weller, delightful as he is, after all is but a character of manners, one which, while it affords inexpressible amusement to the readers of the present day, may be utterly untranslatable to the readers of a century hence. But Sam Weller will be understood and appreciated years after the later grotesque creations of the same gifted author, who would seem in his more recent productions to prefer the strange, the wonderful, the abnormal, and the exaggerated, to the familiar, the natural, the obvious, and the easily understood. Now, whatever may be the faults of Mr. Thackeray, no one can accuse him of making his books vehicles for the exhibition of monstrosities. His characters are often disagreeable enough, but the stamp of nature and of truth is upon them. Our quarrel with him is not that he is unreal, but that what is exceptional in life becomes under his treatment the abiding rule; not that Captain Crawley, Mr. Foker, Mr. Costigan, and Colonel Altamont are creatures that do not occasionally jostle against us in the streets, but that he would have us believe that the world is peopled with few but Fokers, Costigans, Altamonts, and Crawleys.

We were gratified with the announcement which reached us about a twelvemonth since, that the author of *Vanity Fair* had resolved to eschew the serial form of publication and to make his next venture under the circumstances best calculated to display a writer's powers and to achieve permanent success. Month to month writing is but hand to mouth work, and satisfies neither author nor reader. But the announcement was accompanied by another not altogether so agreeable. Mr. Thackeray had entertained the town with some lively lectures upon the humorists of the days of Queen Anne, and had grown so familiar and fascinated with the period during the interesting process, that he resolved not only to write a Queen Anne novel, but positively to write it with a Queen Anne quill, held by a Queen Anne penman. In other words, the distinguished novelist, whose very breath of life is the atmosphere in which he lives, and whose most engaging quality is his own natural style, had suicidally determined to convey himself to a strange climate and to take absolute leave of his choicest characteristic. We confess that a more desperate venture we could hardly conceive it possible for a popular writer to make.

We have a great respect for Queen Anne and for the writers of Her Majesty's Augustan age, and when we read Addison and Swift we are charmed with the classic grace of the one, and made strong by the bold English of the other. But why lose our genuine Thackeray in order to get a spurious Steele or Budgell? Having made up his mind to write a novel in monthly parts no more, and to do as Scott and Fielding did

before him, why, Mr. Thackeray, in the name of all that is rational, why write in fetters? Why have your genius in leading strings? Why have the mind and hand crippled? Why pursue the muse under difficulties? Garrick must have been a great actor; so was John Kemble; but what would our fathers have said to Kemble had he undertaken to destroy for a season his own identity, in order to present a counterfeit of his great predecessor? We decline to judge Mr. Thackeray's powers from his present exhibition. He shall have justice from us, though he has none from himself. We reserve our opinion whether or not Mr. Thackeray is equal to a masterly and complete work of fiction until he attempts the labor with the energies of his spirit free.

We wanted no assurance of the imitative skill of the author of *Vanity Fair*. If imitation were the highest kind of art, Mr. Thackeray would be the first of living artists. Who can have forgotten those piquant chapters in *Punch*, in which Mr. James, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, looked rather more original and like themselves than in their own works? Had the imitator thought proper to continue the series, and to give us a specimen of every known author of eminence, we should have welcomed the samples, for we are sure they would have been perfect. But a sample of goods is not a bale. Horace Smith and his brother, though they did not hesitate in *The Rejected Addresses* to amuse the public with a specimen of Wordsworth in the shape of *The Baby's Début*, would never have dared to approach them with a close copy of *The Excursion*. Surely the least imaginative among us can fancy the probable result of that experiment!

The inconvenience of the plan to which Mr. Thackeray has chained down his intellect is made manifest in every part of his work. It is no disparagement to say that his disguise is too cumbersome to be perfect. That it is maintained so well is marvellous. The patience and perseverance of the writer must have been incessant, and infinite skill has been thrown away, which we feel with vexation and disappointment might have been devoted to the noblest uses. But, in spite of all the cleverness and industry, discrepancies and anomalies are inevitable; and one discrepancy in such a work is sufficient to take the veil from the reader's eyes, and to put an end to the whole illusion. That Steele should be described as a private in the Guards in the year 1690, when he was only fifteen years old, and a school-boy at the Charterhouse, is, perhaps, no great offence in a work of fiction; but a fatal smile involuntarily crosses the reader's cheek, when he learns, in an early part of the story, that a nobleman is "made to play at ball and billiards by sharpers, who take his money;" and is informed sometime afterwards that the same lord has "gotten a new game from London, a French game, called a billiard." It is not surprising that for a moment Mr. Thackeray should forget that he is Mr. Esmond, and speak of "rapid new coaches" that "performed the journey between London and the University in a single day," when he means to say "perform;" neither is it astonishing that the writer of 1852 should announce it as a memorable fact, that in the days of Queen Anne young fellows would "make merry at their taverns, and call toasts," although it is quite out of place for the writer of 1742 to marvel at the same custom, seeing that Colonel Esmond must have known the fashion to

be in vogue in the times of George the Second. A less pardonable oversight certainly occurs in the second volume, when (at page 40) the reign of William III. and that of Queen Anne seem unaccountably jumbled together in the same paragraph; but were such faults as we have indicated to present themselves with tenfold frequency, it would be idle and unfair to insist upon imperfections inseparable from such an effort as that to which Mr. Thackeray has doomed himself for no better reason than that we can discern than that of demonstrating how much more amusing, lively, and companionable he is in his easy attire, than when tricked out with the wig, buckles, and other accoutrements of our deceased and venerated ancestors.

The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., is not a very striking one. The most remarkable fact connected with it is, that it proves, beyond a doubt, that folks very like our contemporaries lived and prospered in the days of Queen Anne. All our friends that entertained us for so many months in *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* have their fac-similes in Mr. Esmond's volume. The colonel himself is just such another creature as Dobbin—as kind-hearted, as self-denying, as generous, as devoted, and, must we add, almost as weak and simple. Captain Crawley, the *roué*, belongs to the same family as Castlewood, for all the lords of that name indulge in his propensities. Miss Amory is the very embodiment of intrigue and selfishness; so is Beatrix Castlewood, who sets her cap at great people without caring a straw for them, precisely like the other lady. It must have been generally remarked that Mr. Thackeray is morbidly fond of reproducing his old creations upon the scene. The *dramatis personæ* of *Pendennis* bore not only a great resemblance to the characters of *Vanity Fair*, but some of them were actually reproduced in the second production, or referred to by name. In like manner, our old friends, the Crawleys, are familiarly spoken of in Colonel Esmond's history. It is well to have a natural affection for your offspring, but there may be occasions when to obtrude them upon the notice of your visitors is to betray want of tact, of breeding, and good sense.

Infinite pains are taken to beguile us into the notion that we are reading a book written and printed upwards of a century ago. Mr. Thackeray has done his part in the matter, and the printers and publishers have done theirs; but perfect contentment, after all, does not dwell upon the mind of the reader. The style is an admirable imitation, and would be charming if it were not tedious; the type is most delusive, even to the title-page, which acquaints us that the book is printed by "Smith and Elder, over against St. Peter's Church, in Cornhill;" but the vital part of the work is no more a representation of the spirit and soul of the time, than it is of the age that preceded or followed it. The depths of society are not probed, and the merest glimpses of its outward shape are vouchsafed. There are two great faults in the volumes, and this is one of them. Had the book really proceeded from the pen of an officer in the service of Queen Anne, he would unquestionably have written in the quaint fashion of this work, but he would have done a great deal more. He would not in the substance of his production have imitated Mr. Thackeray as Mr. Thackeray has imitated him in the form. He must have displayed in a domestic story something like a social picture of his time, and afforded his present reader infinite amusement from the com-

parison of two widely separated epochs. Even Tom Jones and Pamela are most instructive in this respect, for both reveal a condition of society very different indeed from that in which we play our part. How much more different and interesting the domestic proceedings of the loyal subjects of Queen Anne! If any one will take the trouble to translate Mr. Esmond's language into modern English, he will be surprised to find how much of the book applies with as much force to men and manners in 1852 as to men and manners in 1792. It is very true that Mr. Esmond tells us that he went to the theatre to witness the performance of Mrs. Bracegirdle; but he might have said that he went to listen to Mrs. Kean for anything that follows from his visit. Mr. Esmond proceeds to Cambridge University, and, to our astonishment, we discover that University life in the days of Queen Anne differed in no respect whatever from University life in the happier times of our gracious Queen Victoria. We learn, indeed, that Mr. Esmond's friends drink, fight, quarrel with their wives, intrigue, and are very selfish and good for nothing, or good for something and very stupid, but precisely this account reached us of the friends of Mr. Pendennis and of Mr. Osborne, so that, indeed, Mr. Esmond is quite as much indebted to the author of *Vanity Fair* as the author of *Vanity Fair* is to him. We say again, Mr. Thackeray is not to be too harshly dealt with for not accomplishing a feat which a life-long and exclusive study of one peculiar period of his nation's history would hardly enable him to achieve with unqualified success. But he is to be remonstrated with for presenting us with a very questionable and cracked specimen of old China when he had it in his power to offer us sound and genuine British porcelain. Our foremost writers must not become the venders of sham curiosities.

The second grave fault in Colonel Esmond's narrative is one for which Mr. Thackeray must be prepared to answer in his own proper person. He has inflicted a stain upon the good taste and feeling of the worthy colonel, of which that gentleman has every reason to complain. Nothing can be more amiable than Mr. Esmond's character as described in every incident of his story, yet the sentiment with which we take leave of him is one of unaffected disgust. No hero of any age ever finished his career less heroically than Mr. Esmond. When we are first introduced to him, he appears as a dependent in the family of my Lord Castlewood, who, with his wife and two children, arrives at Castlewood house to take possession of his estate, and to find the lad Esmond a sort of heirloom with the property. The boy being somewhat older than his lordship's children, Lady Castlewood attaches herself to the orphan as he to her. She becomes a mother to him; he is her affectionate and devoted son. Residing in the house of his patrons, it is his misfortune to witness the disagreement of man and wife, the man being dissolute in manners, the wife growing indifferent under her ill-treatment. When the quarrel of the married pair is at its height, and when my Lord Castlewood had finally given open preference to a worthless mistress over his own beautiful and spotless lady, Lord Mohun rouses his jealousy by paying attention to Lady Castlewood, and the profligate husband, suddenly finding that his marital affection simply slumbers, and is not dead, challenges the intruder to mortal combat. The battle is fought, and Lord Castlewood is

slain. But young Esmond has been my Lord's second in the encounter, and his "dear mistress," who is not to be pacified for the loss of her drunken master, refuses to see her *protégé* again. Her love is turned into hate, and her door and heart are closed against him.

Esmond goes to the wars, carrying with him an absorbing passion for Beatrix, the daughter of the deceased peer. He cares not for life, unless it can be shared with her. He pants for glory, only that she may love him first and partake of his fame. He returns to England, presents himself to his "dear mistress," and, the old wound being healed, the youth is forgiven. A secret in the mean while has been discovered. Esmond is the real Lord Castlewood, and no bastard; but the prototype of Dobbin prefers the stigma and obscurity to legitimacy and rank at the expense of his friends. Let that pass. Beatrix does not love Esmond; but the resolution of the young soldier to win her is only the more fixed. He pours out his sorrows upon the bosom of his "dear mother," who encourages his suit, and goes so far as to plead with her daughter on his behalf. Years roll on. Esmond is at the wars again; but his constancy never slackens, and he fights for a good name only, that *she* may take pride and pleasure in his acquisition. Beatrix is a flirt; yet he is not inconstant. She is engaged to Lord Ashburnham; but, the match breaking off, he is still humble and solicitous. He is rejected. A more dazzling prize comes within reach of Beatrix, and she holds forth her ambitious hand to grasp it. The great Duke of Hamilton offers to make her duchess. She accepts, and the eve of the wedding day is already come, when his grace, in his turn, is slain in a duel by my Lord Mohun. Is Esmond defeated? Not he. Once more behold him on his knees before the relentless one, offering his hand and his name—such as it is—to the woman who scorns him. Nothing can be more laudable, in its way, than this heroic persistence, for it shows at least the purity, the self-devotion, the singleness of purpose, and the perfect love of the indomitable suitor, whatever it may say for his taste, judgment, and good sense.

During the whole of this indefatigable suit, Esmond and Lady Castlewood stand in the relation of mother and son. When her ladyship is forty years of age, we find the young man urging his cause before Beatrix's mother, and receiving such consolations as the following:

She will not marry, Harry, as I would have her: the person whom I should like to call my son, and Henry Esmond knows who that is, is best served by my not pressing his claim. Beatrix loves admiration more than love, and longs, beyond all things, for command. Why should a mother speak so to her child? *You are my son, too, Harry. You should know the truth about your sister.* When we read your name in the *Gazette* I pleaded for you, my poor boy. Poor boy, indeed! You are growing a grave old gentleman now, and I am an old woman.

And, then, finally "said Harry's fond mistress, giving a hand to him, 'I wish she would have you.' He kissed and kept her fair hand, as they talked together." Interview after interview takes place between the widow and the *protégé* to the same effect—she seldom parting from her son without the maternal kiss, he never tiring of taking the hand and caressing his "dear mistress." So matters go on until the end of the third volume, when—

hear it, reader, and believe it—Beatrix runs after the Pretender to France, and becomes his mistress; while Henry Esmond, the importunate and high-souled, the sensitive and delicate-minded, marries his own "dear mother!" Lady Castlewood has been in love with the youth throughout; has been jealous of her daughter; feigned hatred of the boy after her husband was slain, when most she doated upon him, and was "making eyes" at him all the while she was hypocritically pretending to advance his suit with his so-called "sister"—her own much-envied and at length defeated daughter. Yet Lady Castlewood is the heroine of this story, is held up page after page to our admiration and respect, and Colonel Esmond is the immaculate hero! Strange are Mr. Thackeray's notions of human perfection!

We repeat, we will not accept the present novel as an evidence of Mr. Thackeray's powers as a writer of fiction. We desire to see a complete novel from his pen, but he must give himself an unencumbered field, and allow the reader as well as himself fair play. That he is capable of greater efforts than any he has hitherto made, we believe; that he has a potent pen for description of character, is manifest from the very striking portraiture of Marlborough that appears in these volumes; and that he may make a permanent impression upon the literary character of his times, is quite possible if he will only trust to his better impulses and survey mankind in the spirit of trust, affection, and belief, rather than of doubt, incredulity, and contempt.

CHRISTIAN TRUST.

GERHARDT.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath way,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His paths, unsullied light.
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong, his hand.
Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne—
He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

From Household Words.

THE CRUSADE OF THE NEEDLE.

SINCE the year eighteen hundred there have been not less than four hundred parliamentary committees formed for the express purpose of taking Irish affairs into consideration; vast grants of money have been made to relieve the sufferings or stimulate the industry of the Irish, and a variety of fiscal immunities have been conceded to the tax-paying portion of the community. Yet all this has been done in vain. Not one of these many agencies has shed a single ray of hope over the darkened scene.

In one corner of that land, however, there is a hopeful glimmering of light—a ray that although small and apparently stationary is, in reality, expanding on many sides. That light flows from a cheerful, noble, swelling band of workers, toilers at the hearth. The band numbers upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand laborers, never flagging, never wearying, but always progressing. The task they labor at is a crusade, more fruitful, more blessed, more lasting, than those of by-gone ages, for it is the Crusade—and, reader, smile if you will as I tell you—the “Crusade of the Needle.” Spreading to the westward and the south-westward of Belfast, this army of Crusaders has gone on establishing itself in villages, and towns, and hamlets; entrenching itself so quietly, yet so strongly, in the very hearts of whole communities; throwing out advanced guards here, and piquets of sharpshooters there, and then drawing on the main body so stealthily, that even the very parish priest knew nothing about the matter until the army were at the chapel doors, and had obtained possession of the keys.

The sewed or embroidered muslin trade, the heart of which beats at Glasgow and in other towns in Scotland and the north of England, has of late years so grown and extended, that to obtain a sufficiency of female labor to meet the wants of the public, it has been found expedient to send the plain goods required to be embroidered, across the Channel to the north of Ireland; whence, by means of agents in Belfast, who employ sub-agents in the villages and towns of Ulster and Connaught, the work is distributed into the most remote hamlets. For some years this new branch of home industry has been moving onwards, south and west, slowly but steadily, like the ripples on the water, until there are at the present moment upwards of a quarter of a million of persons so employed in that country. One house in Glasgow alone gives work to twenty thousand Irish females, and it is not at all too much to estimate the yearly sums of money thus annually circulated through many of the poorest districts of Ireland at between one and two millions sterling. At first, there was a positive disinclination amongst the cottagers to apply themselves to this kind of work, even though it was brought to their very doors, and their labor paid for weekly. They were obstinate, and showed no desire to give up old time-worn habits of idle wretchedness. But, by degrees, as one or two attempted the task, and found how easy it was, and how little it interfered with their few domestic duties; how even the young girls could work at it; and how wonderfully the few shillings at the end of the week added to their scanty comforts and soon gave them a feeling approaching to independence; then others followed the example, worked, prospered, and found their homes and themselves changed as by some magic spell. Soon

the cry was “more, more;” and there is no longer any difficulty in obtaining recruits to the ranks of these Needle Crusaders.

Having thus glanced at the work in the camp, it may be well to complete the picture by an inspection of the operations at head quarters. For this purpose I must tell the reader that, crossing the Irish Channel from Belfast, I landed one fine morning on the banks of the Clyde, and, during my sojourn in the town of Glasgow, inspected a sewed-muslin establishment which is the largest of the kind in the United Kingdom, and probably in the world.

I must confess to perfect ignorance upon the subject of ladies' worked collars and sleeves, and babies' embroidered caps. I am not quite sure that, before visiting Glasgow, I had not a faint indistinct impression, amounting almost to a belief, that the mysterious embroidered articles in the linen-draper's shop windows were worked by the young women behind the counters. Certainly, I had not the slightest conception of the magnitude and value of the trade in these small articles of luxury; of the gigantic piles of buildings needed to carry on the business of that one firm; of the apparently complicated ramifications of a sewed-muslin factory; nor of the vast numbers employed by means of this one branch of industry.

In describing the many departments of this interesting establishment, it may be as well to classify them under three heads, all perfectly distinct from each other. These are, the tool and pattern rooms; the preparing and printing rooms; and the receiving, finishing, and sale rooms.

Wending my way through a huge gateway and up a noble flight of stairs, I reached a long suite of quiet, business-looking workshops full of young men of gentlemanly appearance. They were all busily employed with pens, pencils, tracing paper, and sundry curious-looking surgical sort of instruments. I scarcely knew whether they were studying comparative anatomy, civil engineering, or architecture, and was not a little astounded on learning from my guide that this staff of draughtsmen were designing and drawing patterns for infants' caps and young ladies' collars! After that, I felt perfectly prepared for anything.

I examined, and sure enough they were all hard at work upon flowers, and fruit, and cross-bars, such as we see on the surface of raspberry tarts; evidently intended for embroidery work of some description. Every one of these patterns must, of necessity, possess novelty, or the work would not sell; and for the guidance of this *corps artistique*, there were kept on shelves in an adjoining room volumes on volumes of their own old patterns, as well as of those issued by other houses, not only to form new combinations from, but to prevent repetition of worn-out designs.

Some of these draughtsmen receive as much as two hundred pounds per annum, and that for work occupying not many hours a day. There were at that time about a dozen men and lads thus engaged, and I learnt that the business of the house could, at most seasons of the year, give ample employment to them.

In a new workshop, well lighted from above, we found six or eight persons occupied in copying the last finished patterns from the designer's sheets, upon transfer paper, ready for throwing them upon zinc plates and stone blocks, from which to be printed off on the plain muslin ready for working.

And here it must be observed that, to enable

the thousands of workwomen to embroider the tens of thousands of little articles of dress required, the patterns are not worked by them direct from the paper on the cloth, as I remember to have seen done by my young lady acquaintances; this work, like everything else, has been so perfected, that a far superior and more economical mode is adopted with the designs. In place of stitching the paper pattern on the back of the material, and working from that, the design required to be embroidered is printed on the cloth, by means of zincography and lithography, with a fugitive ink which is afterwards easily washed out. Passing on from the workmen who were preparing these transfers, I entered a large room in which were a party of workpeople engaged upon blocks of wood, masses of metal, and curiously-shaped tools. These were cutting patterns of a particular description upon lime wood for block-printing direct, or for forming matrices for metal moulds to be framed from them. Here I witnessed a very ingenious method of cutting designs in wood; it was performed by means of a hollow pointed tool, fixed perpendicularly, the extremity of which was kept almost at a red heat by means of a lighted jet of gas thrown within it. The operator having the pattern inked on the wood, moved the block against the fiery cutter which, tracing out the design instantly, burnt in at one regulated depth the lines and corners of the pattern. This work was performed with astonishing rapidity and precision.

Amongst other curious apparatus for transferring patterns on muslin fabrics, I observed a pair of copper cylinders; on one of these a number of half-circular devices were engraved; these turned out to be patterns of ladies' collars, which, by means of an inking apparatus, were transferred from the revolving rollers with wonderful rapidity to long slips of muslin. In one ordinary working day, a man and a boy could print off in this way fifty thousand of collar patterns.

On the same floor were extensive workshops for the manufacture and repair of the numberless tools and machines employed throughout the establishment; and, below them, were other large apartments, in which were made card-board boxes and heavy deal packing-cases for the reception and despatch of the wares of the factory.

From these ranges of workshops I proceeded to the preparing and printing rooms. There, might be seen whole hecatombs of muslins ready to be offered up to the printers and sewers, from the finest French cambrics for babies' best caps and ladies' superior worked handkerchiefs, down to the low qualities for servants' collars; the goods were ranged around in Titan heaps. Burly-limbed, beef-fed porters staggered and reeled under enormous piles of stuff for ladies' sleeves; giants of laborers perspired under the infliction of infants' caps. In fact, it seemed marvellous what was going to be done with so many little round pieces of muslin; there could not be such a number of babies "expected" for many years to come to fill all those caps, unless, indeed, there was some large society about to establish infant hospitals throughout Central India and the Chinese Empire.

In one of these initiatory rooms young women were busily employed measuring and cutting up enormous heaps of cloths of various qualities, into squares and lengths for handkerchiefs, collars, &c., and arranging them in neat piles ready for work. Some of these fabrics were of exquisitely gossamer lightness; so fine, that in one yard of

the material there were six thousand threads lying side by side. Such is the variety of quality to meet the many grades of demand that, while there are pocket-handkerchiefs sent out at as low a price as ninepence each, the article is likewise to be had so fine, so richly embroidered, as to be worth ninety shillings.

From the cutting-up room the cloth was removed to the preparing room, where each lofty pile of gray, blank squares and slips was arranged in dozens, and marked with the number of the pattern to be given to it. Thence we passed on to long suites of rooms, where a busier though equally quiet process was going on. These were in every respect similar to printers' offices, save that, in place of paper, muslin, coarse and fine, was being operated on.

Huge lithographic printing-presses were there, and, from these, every minute, one attendant lifted the device of some exquisite flower-work on a piece of muslin, so fine, that it looked like a handful of Scotch mist rather than Scotch cambric.

The patterns printed from these stone blocks were of the most costly description; the more ordinary qualities being worked from the zinc plates, or from metal castings. The rapidity with which these sheets of fine linen were made to receive the impress of all the varied patterns, the precision with which they were imprinted, not less than the delicacy of the outlined figures, were, indeed, matters for admiration and wonder.

Adjoining these printing rooms were others, in which a number of men were employed in transferring narrow, neat-looking patterns to long strips of fine cloth, containing a sort of open-work through the centre. This, I learnt, was what is known as "insertion;" the pattern was here worked or cut into the edge of a little brass wheel, which, being fixed firmly in a handle and fitted with a Lilliputian inking-apparatus, kept itself supplied with ink, and, as it was rapidly rolled along the insertion, transferred its figure to the muslin with great precision. This neat little machine, the invention of one of the principals in the firm, is called a "monkey."

I observed upon each piece of cloth that came from the various printing-presses two lines of letter-press with a few figures. On examining them, I found the words were a caution to the workwomen to perform their task with despatch, whilst the figures denoted the rate at which the work was to be paid for if well done; in this way the poor people, as well as the owners, were protected from any blunders or extortions of the petty agents in the rural districts; for, although it was probable that education had made small progress in some of the villages, there would always be one or two in each hamlet who could read these instructions.

The last room in this department was devoted to assorting and packing the printed muslins ready for conveyance to and distribution in the sewing districts. The cases receiving these goods were sturdy-looking old fellows, with rare, substantial sides, all well fastened down with long-bodied screws—bidding defiance to damp or dirt. These are carried from Glasgow to Belfast by steamers, and thence by rail, or otherwise, to the sub-agencies.

I was then shown into the final division, where the worked goods are received from the agents, or from the hands of such as are employed in the

neighborhood of Glasgow to perform this labor. Here, ranged on long tables and shelves, were many piles of goods all worked over with patterns, but so changed in color, so dingy and dark, that one might well imagine them to have been to the dyer's. Three or four respectable-looking women were occupied in a narrow scrutiny of each piece of work, as it was placed before them from the packing-cases, in order to detect any bad or imperfect work. Every single piece was passed between their eyes and the light, and, by the aid of strong glasses, the least defect was in this way discovered, and the faulty piece laid on one side for remedy.

Some idea may be formed of the vast magnitude of the operations of this one house, when I say, that in an adjoining workroom—the hospital, where all these diseased collars and disabled flouncers were being cleverly cured by female practitioners—there were not less than one hundred young people constantly employed in remedying the slight defects of the Irish needlewomen.

Everything was on a gigantic scale. Adjoining the muslin hospital was another room, in which an army of girls were working on the various articles a set of private marks, by a tambour stitch, for the purpose of distinguishing the goods at the bleach works from those of other houses, as also to indicate the price paid for the work, the district in which they were sewn, and the class number to which they belong in the warehouse. All this being completed, the goods are despatched to the bleaching works, whence they are returned white as driven snow, all traces of the pattern-inking and the Irish fingering having disappeared from their fair forms.

Coming from the bleach houses the goods have to be “made up,” and for this purpose are passed on to other busy workrooms, where it would appear as though all the civilized world were having its ironing done. Huge stoves are there, bristling with burning hot irons; there are round irons, flat irons, semi-circular irons, and irons so thin and long that they must be intended to iron the inside of ladies' dress gloves quite to the tips of the fingers. How hot the rooms were! for it was in the month of August, and I felt rather relieved when passing out of these tropical regions to the temperate zone adjoining, where I found neatly-dressed, taper-fingered, little Glasgow lasses, stitching pretty pink and blue ribbons upon thousands of small, worked articles, of the uses of some of which I had not the least conception, and probably never shall have.

From these interesting workers I proceeded to other apartments, equally large, wherein other neat-looking lasses were engaged in the various “making-up” processes of ribboning, folding, ironing, ticketing, marking, and assorting. Thence the finished goods were conveyed in dozens to the ware-rooms and sale-rooms—fine, well-lighted floors, in which the articles were arranged for the inspection of buyers for the wholesale houses who supply the shops.

At the time of my visit there were buyers examining those goods from America, Germany, the Levant, as well as from the chief cities of Great Britain. Indeed, our sewed muslins find their way over most parts of the civilized world. There is one country, however, which has hitherto done all in its power to exclude this branch of our industry from its shores. France, by prohibitions, declares that its people shall buy the dear embroidery of

its southern towns instead of the much cheaper work of Scotland, forgetting that, if it relaxed these foolish laws, we should, in return for our worked muslins, take from them their full value in French wines, whilst the revenues of France would be gainers by the duties both ways of the goods bought and sold.

Before taking leave of the establishment I have thus been endeavoring to describe, I may mention that the number of htnnds—chiefly female—employed within its walls, amounts to about five hundred, whilst it furnishes work—in Scotland and Ireland, but by far the greater part in the latter—to fully twenty-five thousand women. The total value of the embroidery trade within the city of Glasgow alone, cannot be less than seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds yearly, the greater portion of which value is made up by human labor, and paid for in sixpences and shillings.

Such is the internal and external working of one of the enormous establishments happily called into existence by the fictitious wants and luxurious tastes of the present age. We thence see how the demand for a little finery for our wives, our daughters, and our infants, brings into active operation a whole army of workers, male and female; how it employs steam-ships, wagons, porters, steam-engines, mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill; and how, above all, it takes the means of food and clothing to the humble door of the poor peasant in the remotest and wildest districts of Ireland.

From the Polish of Krasiche.

THE ASS AND THE LAMB.

“How hard is my fate!

What sorrows await,”

Said the Ass to the Sheep, “my deplorable state!

“Cold, naked, ill-fed,

I sleep in a shed,

Where the snow, wind and rain, come in over my head.

“All this day did I pass

In a yard without grass:

What a pity that I was created an ass!

“As for master—he sat

By the fire, with the cat,

And they both look as you do, contented and fat.

“Your nice coat of wool,

So elastic and full,

Makes you much to be envied—ay, more than the bull.”

“How can you pretend,”

Said her poor bleating friend,

“To complain? Let me silence to you recommend.

“My sorrows are deep,”

Continued the Sheep,

And her eyes looked as if she were ready to weep.

“I expect—’t is no fable—

To be dragged from the stable,

And to-morrow, perhaps, cut up for the table.

“Now you—with docility,

Strength, and civility—

Will live some years longer, in all probability.

“So, no envy, I beg,

For I’ll bet you an egg,

You will carry the spinach to eat with my leg.”

From the Spectator, 25th Sept.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the indifferent harvest, the country seems to be advancing in a stage of industrial prosperity almost unprecedented.

While agricultural capitalists and employers are accommodating themselves—with some difficulty, no doubt, but still accommodating themselves—to the order of free trade, every other class is profiting by that grand safeguard against local failure; and the physical condition of the laboring classes, even in agriculture, is confessedly better than it has been for generations. In this favorable condition other causes are operating besides the free-trade which has placed more food within their reach. Spurred by necessity, it would appear, the farmers are beginning to apply themselves to activity in new directions—as in the cultivation of green crops or flax; and Sir James Graham attests the excellent spirit and promising successes of the class generally. This is good news in every way. If the farmer can but earn a repute for energy and ability, he will not only make an immediate profit for himself, but will be a much more desirable tenant for his landlord, will be in a more independent position, and will have a larger voice in making his own terms. But activity among farmers means employment among laborers. This employment is increasing just at the time when a continuous emigration is drawing away numbers from the labor-market. But there is no fear from that thinning. It is true that the laborers will also have a larger voice in making *their* terms; but they will also be in a better condition, will have a larger stake in the country, will have faculties less beaten down by despondency, and will be proportionately better workmen. "Will be," we say; but the facts are everywhere signs that this greatly improved state of the industrial community has already commenced.

Without this improving condition of the agricultural classes, we should view with less satisfaction the still more marked and easily-ascertained improvement in the state of the manufacturing classes; because it would *not* be a safe condition for any country to depend exclusively on foreign countries for its vital supplies, without a field of its own; and because no state can be so safe as that which offers to its people the whole round of employments, including those which are most ancient, most natural, and, morally, the most wholesome. With that fundamental base to harmonize the whole, however, the lively tune which is now played upon the engines of factory and iron work may well raise all our spirits.

In Manchester and the cotton districts, there is a most enormous extension; eighty-one factories have been added to the Manchester district within the year; large fortunes are daily added to the investments—one man, for instance, brings half a million into the trade, his new factory costing him 200,000*l*. Raw material is felt to be short for the demand, stock are low, orders not easy to meet; and, without any sudden burst of activity or jump of prices, there is a steady rise. Of course the pretensions of labor rally with that prospect; and mostly they are met by the compliance of capital. Thus, although we hear of a strike here and there—as among the calico block-printers in the off-lying district of Kent, there is little disturbance to the steady progress of the trade.

It is the same in the woollen districts. At Leeds,

stocks are lower than they have been in former years at this season, and the demand is brisk; and Bradford is sharing in the improvement. This change is remarkable in both places, and on opposite accounts. Observing men in Leeds have been noticing, in late years, a steady decline in the town as compared with the surrounding districts, not easy to be accounted for; but the revival of trade seems to have corrected that local debility. In Bradford, for about a year, there has been considerable depression, even more than was generally avowed, after "a roaring trade" to which the working men confessed, for three or four years previously; and now Bradford seems to be entering upon a new stage of activity after a depression of unprecedented brevity in the cyclical fluctuations of commerce.

Linen and Belfast are prospering—light stocks and brisk demand. And although we do not yet hear of corresponding improvements among the more thoroughly depressed classes—such as the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster or the shawl-weavers of Paisley, it is perfectly evident that wide improvements in the condition of the trading and farming classes cannot but be attended with benefit to those places where goods and human beings are so cheap. In Nottingham, the improvement *has* set in; and a new invention, lace made of pliable wire electro-plated or electro-gilt, is expected to introduce not only a new ornament into costume and furniture, but new comforts to the lace-making class.

The iron trades sympathize with the general rise. Although the price of iron has advanced manufacturers do not complain; and Birmingham owns to a brisk demand.

Besides the local causes, some others of a very large character are obviously at work. It is to be remembered that the gold from Australia, which has already *begun* to enter the country, promises to continue its gorgeous stream; and its earnests have been of the finest quality. What do you think of gold three shillings and more per ounce above the standard fineness?

The immense and continuing emigration has given rise not only to a vast extension, but to an alteration of shipping systems. Vessels of immense size are now in vogue; from 1000 to 1500 tons is a common measure, and we hear of one which is building of the enormous dimensions of 10,000 tons! The free trade in timber has attracted custom from other countries; and the precedence taken by English shipbuilders in this gigantic class, should experience of that plan warrant expectations of its suitability to sea-work, will retain for us a preëminence in the trade. Steam is superseding the sail, in the service not only of war and commerce but of emigration. That gigantic ship is to have two screws. New docks are contemplated in the British Channel; and Southampton, the Liverpool of the South, has shown how the rail may be rendered subservient to emigration purposes. The mere juxtaposition of these facts indicates the action and reaction of the gold-emigration.

The improving state of the working classes will act to some extent as a check upon emigration. But it is most desirable that the supply of labor, at least to Australia, should not be stayed in the slightest degree; since upon that supply depends the supply of cotton for our mills, and the preëminence of the gold for our whole trade. By keeping up a steady colonizing stream of English

emigrants, the close connection between this country and Australia, which is becoming so manifestly precious, may be not only maintained but strengthened; while the continued pressure of a healthy emigration on the employment-market will help to sustain the value of wages, and so to keep up the condition of the most numerous classes. In other words, by a scientific distribution of labor to the most productive employments in the world, the largest and most valuable produce will be realized, and the material condition, not to say the moral condition, of great communities, proportionately guaranteed. But a more skilful and systematic conduct of emigration may be absolutely needed to keep the machine working in that part of its gear.

Another cause operating to a considerable extent in enlarging the trade of England is probably to be found in the disturbed state of the Continent; hence, most likely, the unusual degree of the pressure upon our cotton-market of the orders from Russia and Germany. It must be remembered that the disturbance is not alone that of war, but is that of intestine discord and distrust, the true paralyzers of internal production, as political and social unanimity are its best promoters. Hence, in all probability, that uncertainty which overhangs the future on the continent of Europe would have few alarms for this country, if our statesmen could so govern as to preserve unanimity at home, and a good feeling towards this country amongst the consuming classes abroad. Should the apprehensions of war be realized, the state would be bound to provide protection for our commerce; but with a sufficient guard for its path by sea, no Berlin decrees could exclude it from the general market. In this respect, the continent of Europe offers a striking distinction from the probabilities westward, in case of any misunderstanding with England; the government at Washington is less the ruler than the servant of its own people; hence the Union at large takes a much more active and positive part in the state affairs, and it is probable that an official declaration of war would be backed by a popular resolution of "non-intercourse" with England on the part of the best customer for our trade.

On the first view of the smiling prospect which we have surveyed, it would seem to hold out to acting statesmen the hope of an easy time; but, on a closer consideration, that calculation would not appear to be quite so correct. The prosperity which will incline to make the different classes of society more "contented," and therefore "tranquil," must also tend to make them more independent; hence the leading influences in the country will acquire additional activity and weight, and the people will not only expect public services to be well performed, but will feel conscious both of the power and of the necessity for exacting a sufficient performance. Better supplied with resources, each class will be able to express and to enforce its own desires. With a larger stake in action, each class will feel the necessity of good governance more palpably. And, quite independently of the more general enlightenment it so happens that the main causes which will operate to enhance or abate the prosperity are obvious to the present view beyond all precedent in the history either of society, of politics, or of commerce. The hitch which at this moment occurs in the advent of the Australian gold to this

country, because the crews to man the homeward bound ships are off to the diggings, points with peremptory force to the necessity for filling that field as rapidly as possible; and we know that the emigration already sent out will have helped in that process. Any blunder of statesmanship to place us in hostility with our natural ally and best foreign customer would at once be manifest in all its blasting consequences to every voter in the manufacturing and mining districts. Under clearer and more general surveillance than ever, with duties well defined, but having to handle affairs on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, acting statesmen will find evasions and makeshifts very sorry substitutes for honesty and efficiency. Commerce will enforce shorter accounts than usual with Downing Street and Whitehall, and the official accountants will experience the need for unusual efficiency in their vocation.

From the Spectator, 18th Dec.

PECULIAR CHARACTERISTIC OF THE PRESENT PROSPERITY.

If the briskness of speculation, and the extent of it, send the mind back to 1825 and 1845-'77, the comparison is immediately rebuked by the striking distinctions observable in the present movements of commerce. Such resemblance as there is lies altogether in the scope of the action, and in a certain imaginative turn to the future prospects; and in both these respects the present day far exceeds either of those memorable periods. But when we look into the nature of the movements, the resemblance vanishes.

In 1825, the commercial mind was dazzled by a new method of working capital, according to the manner of joint-stock companies; and that same commercial mind, which is extremely sensitive and flies off at a tangent on the touch of a straw, as cannon-balls are said to do, immediately grew mad with the desire to work up capital in joint-stock companies. The companies were established in every direction, with paid staff and servants. The particular object to be attained, the subject of the work, was a very secondary consideration. The grand thing was to get the machinery, and it was almost a matter of ulterior thought what should be done with it. It inevitably followed that many of the enterprises, which were mere pretexes for the formation of a company, were impracticable or nugatory in themselves, and that the companies proved to be sheer abortions. This, however, was not discovered, in many cases, until after the company had been at work; and then it fell, dragging with it several of its connexions, in many cases many of its own kind. Nothing could be left behind save the ruin which was created.

The railway mania, which set in so strongly in 1845, and attained its final crash in 1847, was not quite so baseless as the joint-stock mockery, but partook of it in the principal characteristic; which lay in considering the machinery before the object. The main purpose of enterprise at that day was to establish a railroad. The places between which the rail was to run were secondary considerations; so were the goods to be conveyed, or the passengers. Men, goods, and commerce, became only pretexes for particular lines of rails; and it naturally followed that railways, established

on what proved to be a delusive pretext, became in themselves delusions. Of the capital collected to construct them, part went into the pockets of engineers, secretaries, directors, and other servants; much of it to taverns and places less proper to be inspected; and much of it nobody knew whither. The railroads remained; and some of them have been converted to better purpose at second hand. Some of them were indeed but premature in their establishment, and the traffic has grown up to them. Still, at the particular day, much of that speculation was without a substantial basis; and in regard to such projects it may be said, that after the money was paid nothing remained in hand but worthless scrip.

The striking fervor of industrial activity and of speculation observable in all parts of the country for some months since we last noticed the subject,* is remarkable for dealing entirely with realities; indeed, it may be said, that never at any period within the experience of the present generation has commerce been more matter-of-fact than it is at this moment. That remark appears to us to apply not less to the speculations laid down for future execution than it does to the manufacture of cottons, nails, or stockings. The unprecedented briskness of trade in all the great districts—in the cotton district, the nail district, the hosiery district, the iron district, the coal district, and even the linen district of Ireland—is working for once as immediately and really as the materials are tangible. The Chinese are in want of shirting, and Manchester is engaged in supplying actual wants felt by that fantastically practical race, with whom our breakfast-table trade is about to be so largely extended. Thus, again, the Americans are in want of Birmingham ware; as our own government is in want of arms and accoutrements for its military extensions. The great body of our countrymen are, from the operations of free trade, better off than they have been in any previous year, and they are in want of more cloth and cotton clothing, and for months past the factories of the country have been engaged in supplying those actual wants. Another test of the unspeculative character of the work which now proceeds at such a pace is the general lowness of stocks.

There have been some derangements of calculation. The cotton-dealers, for example, have been in some anxiety with the prospect of a short supply during the ensuing season, and they were paying liberally to secure the remains of stock; when now, very suddenly, it appears that the supply of cotton from the United States exceeds any previous supply. It is not only the receipts at Liverpool that are in excess—600,000 bales have been received in lieu of 400,000 by the same time last year—but in America itself the proportion received in the chief ports from the growing districts exceeds the average of the last three years in the proportion of more than 7 to 6. This is a beneficial abundance, but its suddenness has somewhat deranged calculation, and has "agitated" the market. Again, the coal-trades are somewhat put out by the demand for higher wages amongst the laboring colliers, which is met by the resistance of the masters, brings the trade to a stand, and causes corresponding impediments in the iron-

trade. A third difficulty arises from the excessive and continued wet weather, which creates gloomy apprehensions for the crop of next year. In clay lands farmers have been unable to get in their seed-wheat, and in lighter lands the seed that has been sown has been damaged or washed away. But we notice that the imports of corn in the English and Irish markets are already commencing; and the American markets appear to be supplied in a more than usual degree. Although, therefore, in these particular instances, particular traders may be put out of their calculations—may in the first case expect high prices, and in the second case be somewhat frustrated by that which benefits the public—the broad facts still remain, that raw material is obtained, that labor has a good market, and that a stirring trade will secure those provisions which legitimate speculations have been preparing for this country in the great corn-fields of the world. One main cause of the practical difficulty in the coal and iron trades is the draught of labor to Australia. The coal-masters of the North begin to feel the want of those men, who find a better market for their labor in the diggings of Mount Alexander or Ophir, and the men who remain find that they are few in proportion to the work which needs them. But this claim also involves a real gain; labor is more valuable, and the higher wages paid by the masters will be a proportionately better investment.

The grand distinction, therefore, between the activity of the present day, incalculably as it exceeds that of all former periods, lies in the tangible matter-of-fact nature of the business upon which it is bestowed. The speculation of our own day does not busy itself with joint-stocks to do nothing in particular, or with railways to go nowhere in particular, but is working, heart and soul, upon food, raiment, and gold; all of which are actually produced, and only demand to be exchanged. And expanding speculations, such as the new railway movements, which are reviving, partake of this better characteristic. They are wanted for business. The South Staffordshire Railway, for example, which is just opened to Derbyshire, is virtually an addition to the coal in the district where it is wanted, since facility is the equivalent of quantity, and that railway is as tangible in its necessity as the coal which it carries. In like manner, the enormous vessels that are now built for the transit to Australia and America, and which we believe will be excelled by ships already in contemplation—the great companies which are established to conduct the business of the shipping—do not precede, but rather wait upon, the business that they have to serve. The necessity for the extension of the "Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company," or of the "Eastern Steam Navigation Company," is as tangible as the goods or the people which their ships will carry. They will be engaged in conveying raiment or food, or that precious metal which is the exchangeable standard of wealth throughout the world; or in conveying labor which is transferred to the place where it is most valued, because most productive.—The peculiarity of the present day lies entirely in the great proportion of well-assorted production as compared to the number of hands laboring upon it, or to the number of consumers.

* Spectator, September 25, 1852.

CUBA, IN A RELIGIOUS ASPECT.

[This article is copied from the second number of a new and very able religious paper, called *The Register*, published in Philadelphia, by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The objection herein made to the annexation of Cuba ought to be decisive. Even if Spain were to consent, we should shudder at the everlasting religious war which we should kindle within our borders. To add such a war to that about Slavery would be most dangerous. What but destruction would follow ?]

Now that the chances of either the honest or dishonest acquisition of Cuba seem by common consent to have materially diminished—now that the conservatives of all parties have, for the time at least, ranged themselves on the platform of non-annexation by any means, we may, as serious and considerate men, think of it calmly and soberly, either as a danger past or a danger remotely postponed. As a danger past, it is full of admonitory interest. There is an irrepressible shudder at the thought of how near we were driven to the edge of the precipice, and how loud and discordant were the screams and yells that threatened to scare the horses and perplex the drivers. Had so wild a freebooter as Lopez had but a moment's real success—had any other cry been wafted to our country than that which came from the compressed throat of the strangled adventurer, telling at the same moment of his landing and his ignominious death, there is no saying how soon we might have been involved in a most unrighteous and aggressive war, from which every instinct of Christian humanity would have revolted. This danger has passed. "Fillibusterism" is not merely at a discount, but it is a purely valueless article in the market. It is no longer tolerated at the political "Board." How is it in the future ?

We hope and believe the danger is remotely postponed. In an article on the subject, in the *Charleston Mercury*, written with great ability, and having for its object the dissuasion of the South from all countenance to the acquisition of Cuba at any time, the following sentences attracted our attention :—

But, aside from all the difficulties and dangers that surround the acquisition of Cuba, whether by a war between governments or by the covert poison of a dangerous and ever-disturbing neighborhood ; and even supposing all these objections obviated, and the acquisition allowed to be made without war and without cost, there are reasons against the measure strong enough to make the southern people pause in the pursuit.

We do not now allude to the monarchical habits of the people, which would render a standing army for the preservation of order indispensable ; nor to the difference of race, which would make it the hardest of all things to introduce our political institutions there ; nor to the fact, that there has always been an established religion in the Island, leagued with the government, claiming universal obedience, and supported by a tithe of the produce of all lands ; nor to the equally imposing fact that with its present commerce, and with the habits of smuggling that have grown up everywhere, Cuba must be filled with a custom-house police as well as a standing army, and thus become the mere creature of the Federal Government, and its natural ally in every aggression upon the south ; we pass over all these weighty considerations, and find in the sole condition of slavery in Cuba a powerful argument against its annexation.

It is to the incidental remark in italics we desire to call attention. Ought at any time, or under any circumstances, the Protestants of this country, —ought, least of all, the Anglican Churchmen, those whose historical faith in the old world was tried in that "great agony," when the king of the Indies sent his Armada to destroy the Church as well as the State of England—nay, ought the enlightened and liberal Roman Catholics of America, ever desire to see infused into our blood and our system, and made part of us, Roman Catholicism, as it exists, always has, and we fear, always will, in Spain and the Indies ! To this there can be but one answer. It is alien to every American sentiment, whether in the heart of Protestant or intelligent Roman Catholic. It is repugnant to the liberal and enlightened mind everywhere. There lies before us, as these words are written, what, in bitterness of spirit, an eloquent Roman Catholic forty years ago said of that phase of his religion, which the effete bigotry of the restored Bourbons sought to reëstablish in France and Europe, every word of which is applicable to Hispano-Roman Catholicism, as it exists in Cuba. "Though it be," said the poet Moore, "the religion of my fathers, I must say that much of this vile spirit (of bigotry) is to be traced to that wretched faith which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and Inquisitions, and which of all the impostures which ever stultified mankind is the most mischievous." And such in our day, in this respect, is that form of degraded superstition, with the inoculation of which we are threatened, when Cuba is to be part of us.

It is not the mere aggregate of its population—all without exception of this form of superstition, but it is its ecclesiastical institutions and habits and rights of property, and tenure of one sort or another, that, in this view of the case, should make us pause. All would have to be protected, and constitutional immunities would have to extend over them also. Cuba tithes, or the domain of an Havana Archbishop, or the mortmain possession of a West India monastery, would be as sacred as the Dartmouth College property.

The incorporation of such intensely foreign institutions in this Protestant community (for such it unquestionably is), would be attended with tenfold the embarrassments which the Gallican habits and institutions of Canada have given to Great Britain. The Frenchman of that region has never yet been thoroughly welded into English society, and the Frenchman is, the world all over, far more manageable and malleable than the Spaniard. If we had no other reasons for shrinking from contact with Cuba, we should find one more sufficient in this view of the matter, which we, as religious journalists, have a right to present.

But perhaps the extreme Protestant propagandist may reply, that the barrier of an exclusive foreign government once broken down, there will be a hope of planting reformed principles on a soil where they have never existed before—that Cuba may be converted. We are free to say we have no such hopes in our day or generation. There would be a thousand times more difficulty in establishing a place of Protestant worship in Havana, under any government, than there is now in Rome itself. To this moment Mexico has never tolerated one, and the legislature of the *State of Cuba* would be too much afraid of its constituencies to venture to permit it. The work of converting the Heathen is slow, but far slower would

be the drudgery of convincing a million of Roman Catholics of the error of their ways. Better, far better is it to keep the contamination far away from us.

We repeat, that our hope is that the danger of this crisis is remote—more so than it seemed one year ago. But it may present itself again sooner than we expect, and then the considerations we have hinted at may be worth recalling.

From the Spectator, 18th Dec.

INDEPENDENCE OF BELGIUM.

It would be a great mistake to presume that the operations of the French emperor upon Belgium terminate with the renewal of the commercial treaty. Louis Napoleon is eminently a progressive man, and it would be the wildest calculation to pronounce that he would stop at any particular point. On the other hand, the manner in which the concession has been extorted from the Belgian Parliament offers peculiar temptations to pushing the French pretensions yet further. The exact course taken by the executive government has been concealed; but it is not concealed that the government at Brussels has acted under coercion from the government in Paris, with the countenance of the other foreign powers. It is equally notorious that the priest party in Belgium is endeavoring to carry out in that country exactly the same process that the priest party has effected in France—that it is endeavoring to promote the restoration of its old spiritual power over the people by subserving the temporal purposes of Napoleon III. The priest party of Belgium is, even more definitely than it is in France, the conservative or reactionary party. It was in the minority, but it was able to bring three great influences to bear in furtherance of its own political enterprise. It could urge upon the government of Belgium the general desire of the European governments not to disturb quiet, or "order," and therefore not to provoke the dangerous potentate in Paris. It could enforce upon the consciences of its own more immediate retainers in Belgium the general promotion of Catholicity. It could press upon the trading classes of Belgium the inconvenience arising from resistance to the French government, which had already cut off the coal-trade, by refusing to continue the commercial alliance of 1845. By these several influences, the priest party of Belgium, although in the minority, has conquered. The object insisted upon by Napoleon III., the passing of a stringent press-law, has been attained. That law has been passed at the instance of the executive government, but by the concurrence of the majority in the Chamber, including, of course, a section of the liberals.

Placed as Belgium is, a smaller close to a greater state, with a common language, a very ordinary degree of sense would suggest some discretion in the criticism on French affairs in Belgian newspapers. It is quite true that those journals might exercise a species of internal interference in France uncommon to foreign journals; and it is equally true that the vindictive resentment of the autocrat of France might make itself felt in a manner highly inconvenient to the Belgians and their government. For this reason, a law to regulate the press might have been supported by very pertinent argument; but a law which goes a great way actually to put down anything like criticism—which so far assimilates Belgium to France itself, where the press is virtually abolished—is more than a concession of

the kind which justice might have sanctioned. It is an extinction of the independence of the Belgian press; and is so far an extinction of the independence of Belgium.

Are we to suppose that a country which can surrender its independence in so important a part of its public machinery as the press, will be prepared to maintain its independence in other respects? Or are we to suppose, that if Belgium is prepared to surrender piecemeal, France, already looking beyond Belgium to the Rhine, will not prepare to invite Belgium to be Flanders once again, a province of the empire? If Belgium had consulted the just claims of the French government, but had at the same time called upon her allies to assist her in maintaining her practical independence, there is some reason to suppose that her claim might have been recognized. English sympathies cannot be altogether extinguished. But there is one interest which appears to have turned the scale adversely to independence, and that is the manufacturing and trading interest of Belgium—what we may call the Manchester section of Belgian society. That section has been more interested to get over a present obstruction in commerce than to support a substantive national existence. The future of the country has been so far sacrificed to the hour. Once more the *Paris Moniteur* announces the commercial alliance of France and Belgium. That the government in Paris is satisfied, goes far to prove how great the concession must really have been; and we cannot refuse to anticipate, that with so yielding a neighbor to one so grasping, the alliance may at no distant day be drawn yet closer.

THE LOBOS QUESTION.—It is greatly to the honor of the United States Government that it has so gracefully ceded the point at issue, and has so readily and fully acknowledged the just claims of Peru. It has done the right thing in a proper and agreeable manner. If the undue claims made by Mr. Webster, too much in accordance with the characteristics usually ascribed to American statesmen, tended to lower them in our opinion, the renunciation of those claims by Mr. Fillmore and his cabinet has elevated them to a higher position than they formerly occupied. . . . It dissipates the charges continually made against American statesmen, by persons envious of the rising prosperity and greatness of the States, that their statesmen are utterly unscrupulous when the supposed aggrandizement of their country is in question. They have, on the contrary, shown themselves on this occasion scrupulous, forbearing, just; and we have no doubt that they will display the same qualities on other great questions. We hold it to be thoroughly and unanswerably proved and established, that honesty is the best and only policy for nations as for individuals; that it is only requisite to have the free and full and unperturbed use of the senses for all men to adopt this conclusion; and as Americans, more than any other people, have the full, free, and unbiassed use of their senses, we believe that they—statesmen and all—are more likely to adopt and act up to this conclusion than most other people. Because the Americans are free, we expect they will be honest—will form correct conclusions from the course of nature; and because the course of nature inculcates and enforces all the virtues, we anticipate that American statesmen will be as superior to the statesmen of Europe as the Americans, taking them man for man, are superior to the French or the Austrians. Their conduct on the Lobos question, though wrong in the first instance, is right in the end; while the graceful acknowledgment of their error is an example of retraction such as is scarcely to be found amongst the statesmen of Europe.—*Economist*, 11 Dec.